MAY 24 '48
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
SR 9/24/9R 40-7-22
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE 2YR
TENN

Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXI No. 21 MAY 22, 1948 FIFTEEN CENTS

From "The Memoirs of Cordell Hull": "I was listened to but not heeded." (See page 9)

Joseph Conrad: An Enigma Decoded

By LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Pym Disposes

She lost her aplomb...

By JOSEPHINE TEY

Miss Pym thought she knew more than the psychologists, until a murder took place among the brilliant students of Leys College. That shook her—and it will shake you too. Here's a subtle kind of horror—with brilliant slashes of wit. $2.50

The Black Laurel

By STORM JAMESON

This gripping novel, set in the wreckage of war-torn Europe, tells of human beings caught in the crisis of western civilization. "The best novel of post-war Europe so far written . . . as thrillingly absorbing as a story of suspense... prose of a quality uncommon today."—Kelsey Guilfoil, *Chicago Tribune.* $3.00

Announcing . . . the reissue of a great novel for which there will now be an eager public—

The Princess Casamassima

By Henry James

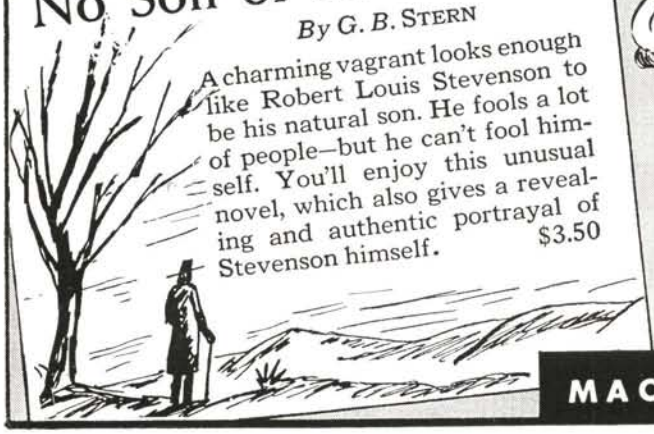
With an Introduction by LIONEL TRILLING

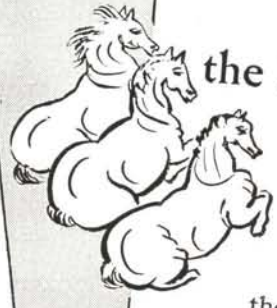
The Princess Casamassima was first published in this country by The Macmillan Company in 1886. No edition of it has been in print here since 1908. Now that Henry James has been restored to the eminent place he deserves in literature, there will be a new and eager public for this great novel. Its unique quality and importance have long been recognized by the group of critics who led the James revival. In his brilliant introduction, Lionel Trilling places the novel in the great tradition of *War and Peace, The Red and the Black, Great Expectations,* etc. Two handsome volumes, boxed. $6.00

No Son of Mine

By G. B. STERN

A charming vagrant looks enough like Robert Louis Stevenson to be his natural son. He fools a lot of people—but he can't fool himself. You'll enjoy this unusual novel, which also gives a revealing and authentic portrayal of Stevenson himself. $3.50





the Hunters and the Hunted

Glamour in art...

By SACHEVERELL SITWELL

For a glorious art pilgrimage, let the youngest Sitwell show you the wonders — present or passed away —of nature, art and music. This hauntingly beautiful book of art criticism "is an intellectual banquet," says *Time.* With 16 beautiful full page illustrations. $4.00

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

May 22, 1948

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by Karsh

Article

PAGE

JOSEPH CONRAD: AN ENIGMA DECODED
By Louis J. Halle, Jr. 7

Reviews

THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle 9

STRANGER IN THE EARTH
Reviewed by John W. Chase 10

MY FLAG IS DOWN
Reviewed by Jack Iams 11

IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN
Reviewed by Catherine Meredith Brown 12

MEMPHIS DOWN IN DIXIE
Reviewed by Paul Flowers 13

A HOG ON ICE AND OTHER CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds 14

WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell ...15

AMERICANS FROM HUNGARY
Reviewed by Hal Lehrman 15

WORLD WITHOUT VISA
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman ...16

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH
Reviewed by Robert Pick 17

BRIGHT FEATHER
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas 18

STOKERS' MESS
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin 19

THE TOWN BELOW
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell ..19

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF HUMANITY
Reviewed by Rushton Coulborn ...22

THE ABUSE OF LEARNING
Reviewed by Felix Gilbert 23

CAUSES OF CATASTROPHE
Reviewed by George R. Stewart ..24

THE RUSSIAN IDEA
Reviewed by Sidney Harcave 24

STRAVINSKY
THE MUSORGSKY READER
Reviewed by Abraham Veinus 28

FRONTIERS OF JAZZ
Reviewed by Richard B. Gehman .31

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4

PUBLISHER'S GALLERY: JOSEPH W. LIPPINCOTT 8

LITERARY I.Q. 12

MY CURRENT READING
By H. L. Mencken 14

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 21

LITERARY CRYPT 22

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 25

THE CRIMINAL RECORD 32

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 34

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 35

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 739 39

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 21, May 22, 1948. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue, Copyright, 1948, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Experiment
IN WORLD ORDER

What is the closest man has come to world order? Not the League of Nations. Not the UN—but "that curious community of peoples" The British World-System.

McGuire is "a lively and learned writer, a cautious optimist, a man with vigorous opinions of his own." But this is "not just another book offering its author's private panacea for an ailing civilization" (Orville Prescott). McGuire's precedent is history. His "plan" has been tried. A stimulating book for thoughtful readers.

At bookstores $4.00

By
PAUL McGUIRE
Author of "Westward the Course!"

WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY, NEW YORK 16

TOBIAS BRANDYWINE

THE NOVEL that reminds critics of Jerome K. Jerome's *The Passing of the Third Floor Back.* THE AUTHOR who is "the master of a rare style, concise yet sensuous with warmth and . . . an innate charm which elevates fiction into an art, a thing of beauty."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* Tobias Brandywine never interfered—he infiltrated. Senator Windrow's family found him out on the back stoop half-starved and freezing. They put him to bed in the sacred room President Cleveland had slept in and he was the beginning of a new era for all of them....At bookstores $3.00

by the author of "THE WAYFARERS" and "THE RUNNING OF THE DEER"

Dan Wickenden

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE KINSEY REPORT on sexual behavior of the American male is still, like its subject matter, comparatively in its infancy, but it already has achieved some notable results:

1. It has sold over 250,000 copies in bookstores. Dealers, reluctant to handle the book at the outset because its publishers offered only the medical-text discount of twenty per cent (exactly half the ordinary trade discount), now stack it in their windows. It attracts customers, they discovered, who never patronized a bookstore before.

2. It has displaced mothers-in-law, Brooklyn, and Bing Crosby's horses as the number one topic of the nation's gag-men.

3. It has inspired a half-dozen hastily thrown-together interpretations and "symposiums by experts," with more to come if the first batch pays out.

4. It has trebled the sale, rather ironically, of the two-volume set of Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." This epoch-making Ellis work has been on general sale in America for over ten years, but, in the absence of circus-advertising and exploitation, sold only to confirmed bookstore patrons. Now, in the words of Walter Winchell, "New Yorkers have discovered that whereas Kinsey's book gives statistics, Ellis's 'Studies in the Psychology of Sex' gives case histories."

Dale Warren, Houghton Mifflin's ambassador-at-large, tells the story of Ellis's struggles to find a publisher for his "Studies" in the following paragraphs:

ELLIS TO KINSEY

By Dale Warren

Probably no one would have followed the fortunes of the Kinsey report on sexual behavior with keener interest than Havelock Ellis. Oddly enough (until *The Saturday Review* examination by four authorities March 13) those who ballyhooed Kinsey's statistical marathon consistently overlooked Ellis's very existence as well as the fact that his life work was to a considerable extent responsible for today's acceptance of the Kinsey findings. Ellis would have seen in this acceptance a large measure of vindication and reward for years of struggle and persecution.

The Kinsey project received the backing of Indiana University, the support of the National Research Council, and the financial assistance of the Medical Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, and enjoyed a runaway sale from the moment it was launched. On the other hand, the publication difficulties encountered by Ellis were staggering. The first volume of his work precipitated an ugly court action in London and was officially condemned as obscene. Ellis himself was derided as a pornographer and worse. Yet he completed what was originally his seven-volume "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and lived to see it sold openly in America and in other countries, where it brought about a revolution in the sexual attitudes of modern man.

Kinsey appears in 1948. It was 1897 when Ellis's first volume appeared in Germany. His original choice of an English publisher had been Williams and Norgate, a small firm which had an excellent reputation in the scientific field, but on professional advice they declined the book. The professional adviser, it developed, was a Quaker who approved it on scientific grounds but feared its effect on the layman, explaining, "There are always the compositors!"

After similar rebuffs from other medical publishers, Ellis made arrangements for publication with a certain Dr. De Villiers of "Wilson and Macmillan," only to have the entire edition bought up and destroyed by the executors of the deceased John Addington Symonds, who had freely collaborated. After the deletion of the Symonds material, De Villiers reissued, this time using as imprint "The University Press, Watford" (which contained no university). These were obviously "trade names" coined by De Villiers, and it was later revealed that "De Villiers" was also a "trade name" cloaking the identity of one Herr Georg Ferdinand Springmuhl von Wessenfeld, wanted by the police for a wide variety of crimes and considered "the most extraordinary criminal of modern times" by Detective Sweeney of Scotland Yard.

At any rate, the book was published. It was published quietly as Ellis wished no fanfare or publicity. He stipulated that it should merely be announced to doctors by means of circulars and that review copies should be sent only to scientific journals.

What actually followed is known as the Bedborough Trial, George Bedborough being secretary of an organization called the Legitimation League which, through its magazine, *The Adult* (published by De Villiers), aimed to improve the status of the illegitimate child, and appealed strongly to anarchists. The anarchists were unpopular with the police, and the league had stocked a few copies of the Ellis book. So Scotland Yard, seeking to link the anarchists with the subject of the book, had a copy purchased from Bedborough through a disguised detective who promptly arrested

"Here is the manuscript for my new book of predictions. You will sell 53,632 copies within three months and make $19,464.28, despite an eleven per cent increase in production costs during that period."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. De Villiers, not surprisingly, absconded.

Bedborough was charged with having "sold and uttered a certain lewd, wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene libel with the intention of corrupting the morals of Her Majesty's Subjects." The trial, says Ellis, was "a mixture of confusion, muddle, disappointment, even rascality." The book and its purpose were insidiously entangled with the league (to which Ellis did not belong), *The Adult* (for which Ellis did not write), Bedborough (whom Ellis did not know), the absconded De Villiers, a hastily formed Free Press Defense Committee, the disinterested anarchists, and, of course, the illegitimate children. Dragging on for six months, the proceedings resulted in a legal and moral fiasco. Bedborough unexpectedly pleaded guilty, in return for a suspended sentence, when he saw the trial was going against him. Ellis was given no opportunity to state his case in court or to defend the scientific nature of his work. Nor did any medical man or scientist, although profuse in private testimonials, come publicly to its defense.

Ellis determined to issue none of the succeeding volumes of the "Studies" in England, but agreed to the publication of Volume II by De Villiers in Germany. It was at this point that De Villiers, so far only vaguely suspected by Ellis, outsmarted himself and apparently produced the book in England under a "Leipzig" imprint. This edition was confiscated when the police detected, beneath the De Villiers alias, the "fantastic criminal" wanted on other charges. Arrested in Cambridge, where he was living under another assumed name, Ellis's first "publisher" obligingly took poison, said to have been secreted in a ring on his finger, and dropped instantly dead.

Revised and enlarged editions of these two volumes, reissued in reverse order, were later published by the F. A. Davis Company of Philadelphia, followed by the five subsequent volumes. The sale was restricted, however, to members of the medical, legal, and educational professions. It was not until 1936, after Joyce's "Ulysses" was cleared in

Who Pays for Telephone Expansion?

INVESTORS DO

They invest in telephone bonds and stocks and we use the money to build new facilities.

On the other hand, the money you pay us for telephone service is used for wages, taxes, depreciation and other operating costs.

So when you read about the millions of dollars we are putting into our expansion program — or see a new building going up — it is good to be able to say:

"Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Investor. Thanks for putting up so much money so we can have so much more and better telephone service."

That's the way it happens.

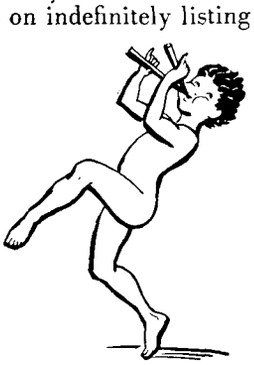
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN fur traders and trappers entered land never before seen by white men. They consumed an average of eight pounds of buffalo meat a day. They yarned and danced, traded, debauched and fought and in six short years saw fortunes made and lost on the satiny beaver skins. The most isolated individuals in the world, they were one of the strongest links in the international trade of the 1830's and one of the strongest threads in the sewing together of the two American coastlines.

Because Bernard DeVoto draws the full flavor from the savage hedonism of the trapper's life, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI is as exciting as any western written. And because he scales the trappers to their proper importance in the trickling of civilization through the mountains, ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI was awarded the 1948 Pulitzer Prize for the distinguished book of the year upon the history of the United States. While on a search for the relics which Lewis and Clarke sent back to Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Mae Reed Porter was shown a collection of original watercolor sketches made on the spot among the Indians and the fur traders by Alfred Jacob Miller, the human camera whom Sir William Stewart took with him on an expedition into the Rockies. This was the first step in the making of ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI. These fresh, lively, and accurate sketches, she felt, should reach a wide audience, and she brought the project to Houghton Mifflin Company.

That was the start. Bernard DeVoto agreed to write a full introduction. but as he worked the book grew far beyond the boundaries he had reached in "Year of Decision". The result is the book about which the *Saturday Review of Literature* said: "One could go on indefinitely listing passages where Mr. DeVoto's ripened experience and matured art are exhibited at their best — altogether, a bountiful and illuminating book."



AT ALL BOOKSTORES, $10.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

the courts, that Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" reached a wider audience, and was offered to the general public without restriction in a handsome two-volume set. . . .

THE MERE SIGHT of one of those synthetic, 900-page "historical novels" is now enough to make me groan with dismay and run for the nearest television machine, but so long as the less-exacting book clubs continue to feed them to members as fast as they come off assembly lines, I'll know I am in a hopeless minority. Peggy O'Neill, of Richmond's Miller & Rhoads, advances an interesting theory to account for the public's apparently insatiable appetite for this type of book. "There are so many demands on people's time these days," she says, "that they have a sense of guilt about the number of hours required to read an overlong novel. If they can convince themselves, however, that they're picking up valuable historical lore, along with the blood-and-thunder and warmed-over sex, their consciences stop bothering them." . . . John Cabot observes that book-club judges and Wall Street bears have one thing in common: they're both looking for a big bust! . . . Louis Kronenberger, working on a foreword for a new edition of "A Journal of the Plague Year," says, "I hope people won't accuse Defoe of plagiarizing from 'Forever Amber'." . . .

Sanford Cobb, head of the book department of Sears, Roebuck, received a letter from a customer who disapproved strongly of a best-selling historical romance he had purchased via the catalogue. One sentence of his protest, I think, might be taken to heart by some of our more "robust" young writers: "Even the characters in a novel deserve a little privacy!" . . . The Candy-of-the-Month Club, the Flower-of-the-Month Club, and the Hobby-of-the-Month Club can be taken in stride, but here's a brand new one to contend with: The Kosher-Salami-of-the-Month Club, located at 85 Stanton Street, New York 2. I understand Decca is trying to persuade the manager to distribute a record of "The Vision of Salami" as a dividend. . . .

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED to think what it must be like to live in the home of a famous author? When Charlie Jackson completed the manuscript of his new novel, "The Outer Edges," he gave a cry of relief, and announced to his household, "Hooray! I've finished my book!" His young daughter Sarah was pleased, too. "Isn't that wonderful, Mommy?" she said to Mrs. Jackson. "Now we all can talk again!" BENNETT CERF.

The Saga of Priscilla, Dynamite in Pigtails

It's All in the Family

by

MARGARET MILLAR

➧A rib-tickling story of what happens when an irrepressible youngster embroils her family in some weird projects. "Has given me more delight, and more laughs, than anything I've read in years."—*Bennett Cerf.* $2.50

At all bookstores

RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Joseph Conrad: An Enigma Decoded

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

I FIRST read Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" as a boy in school, and I have reread it every year or two since. I read it always as the powerful expression of a mood that Conrad associated with a scene, the upper Congo in the days when Africa was still "the dark continent"; I read it because it moved me with the terror and attraction of the Unknown; I read it because it was romantic. Although it recapitulates with remarkable faithfulness an adventure that befell Conrad himself, and although its mood is one of disenchantment, it is still a romance; and I read it because I was young. Then I read it once more, out loud to my wife, and this time I discovered something that had never been there for me before, something sinister, overtly shameful, and tragic. It gleamed from behind the descriptive writing as if a breath of air had suddenly lifted a fold of the dark curtain. What appeared so unexpectedly behind the surface of the story was the intimate confession of a prodigiously gifted writer, uttered as if on his death-bed for the relief of his soul.

No writer was ever more reserved than Conrad. He tantalizes his critics and admirers by appearing in his books like a sphinx—or, better, like a carefully cultivated enigma. That is part of the fascination. Writers like Tolstoy use the devices of art to reveal themselves; Conrad used them to make a character for himself. His autobiography, "A Personal Record," is the product of a faithful craftsman, not of a faithful witness. He created himself as he created Lord Jim and Almayer. That is all right if you read "A Personal Record" as you read one of his novels; but if you read it as autobiography you will end by being exasperated. He was too good an artist to be a good reporter; he had to compose his experiences.

Besides, like most of us, Conrad was afraid of derision. He expresses, not this fear but his awareness of this danger, in his "Familiar Preface" to "A Personal Record"; but boldly promises to confess in spite of it. What he means by confession is not what any reader was likely to have in mind. "It lies on me to confess at last," he says elsewhere, "and this is as good a place for it as another, that . . ."—what? Simply, ". . . that I have been all my life—all my two lives—the spoiled adopted child of Great Britain." It is always this sort of thing that comes out when Conrad announces, as he generally does with careful ostentation, that he is about to make a personal confession. The pains with which he composed himself before his artistic mirror when he undertook his own portrait suggest that, like most of us, he did not really care to have his inner man exposed to public view.

IT MAY be a fault of "Heart of Darkness" that, at the outset, it misleads the reader as to its subject; but it may also have been an intended deception. There is the title, for one thing, referring to the geographical setting. The impression of the title is reinforced by the introductory section, at dusk on the Thames, when the narrator, Marlowe (Conrad himself, of course), is moved by his imagination of what the Thames was like when the Romans first visited it to recount his experience as one of the first white men to penetrate the upper reaches of the Congo. It is not weakened by the extent to which the primeval landscape of the African river dominates the succeeding narrative. What is increasingly evident as the story progresses, however, and beyond doubt as it ends, is that the subject is not a landscape but a man. The wilderness remains as inscrutable for Marlowe at last as at first; he is able to shed no light on its darkness, he really has nothing to say about it. The discovery he does make in this heart of darkness is adventitious: it is the naked soul of a man. That terrible discovery, unhinted in the beginning, is the only reason for his story.

—By Low in "Lions and Lambs."

Joseph Conrad: "I have been all my life the spoiled adopted child of Great Britain."

The something, or the nothing, that lies at the innermost center of a man, when all the outer and all the inner wrappings have been peeled away, was Conrad's prime preoccupation as a writer of fiction. The enmity of the sea or of the jungle had no terrors for him that could be compared with the nightmare at the center of Lord Jim or of James Wait, the Nigger of the Narcissus. Nature seemed terrible, I suspect, because of this, as lightning is terrible to a man with a troubled conscience. His preoccupation was with the Jonahs of this world, and the fidelity that he elevated to a first principle of conduct was fidelity, for better or worse, to Jonah's pretense.

The sea was Conrad's natural environment as a writer, and on the sea man, although nourishing at his heart a canker of original sin, seemed heroic. He carried on despite his private nightmare. He offered a de-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

termined front to the world of nature; his pretense was brave and it was useful. Conrad's single experience on fresh water, however, left a different taste in his mouth. On the Congo he saw white men, sent out from Europe, corrupting the natives, pillaging their territory, and betraying one another, all for profit; while those who directed them from Europe described the rape as a morally exalted missionary enterprise. The fact that they grew rich on it was justified by pointing out that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." Conrad's one brief adventure on the Congo ("where, really, I had no sort of business") left him sick in body and sick in spirit. For many months thereafter, while convalescing, he remembered, not the heroism of his fellow men confronting the wilderness but their abject degradation. In his morbidly depressed condition he felt, for once, a powerful revulsion against the moral pretense that he saw in others and, no less, in himself. When one sinks to such a state of mind, some form of confession is the only possible relief.

NO doubt a writer of fiction puts part of himself into every character whose inner being he explores. If he had not found in himself what he finds in others, he could not recognize it. Lord Jim's inner shame is Conrad's. But there is a peculiarly direct association between Conrad, the writer, and Kurtz, that voice in the wilderness of the Congo. "The man presented himself as a voice . . . of all his gifts the one that stood out preeminently, that carried with it a sense of real presence was his ability to talk, his words—the gift of expression." He had been elevated partly in England. "His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz." Kurtz had been sent out to the Congo as "an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else." He represented the higher intelligence, the wide sympathies, the singleness of purpose wanted "for the guidance of the cause intrusted to us by Europe, so to speak." It was expected that he would go far, very far. "He will be a somebody in the Administration before long. They, above—the Council in Europe, you know—mean him to be."

By his gift of eloquence, Kurtz had won the worship of a young trader in ivory who had been living alone, exposed to fantastic dangers, in the wilderness, an appealing, immature lad who proclaims that Kurtz had "enlarged his mind." "I did not envy him his devotion," says Marlowe, ". . . to me it appeared about the most dangerous thing in every way he had come upon so far." Kurtz had also won the devotion of tribes of savage blacks, so that they groveled before him and heaped at his feet the ivory loot they acquired by raids on their neighbors. (Kurtz had no need of trade-goods, like the other agents, having the power of words.) His ambition had mounted, however, to the point of obsession. "The wastes of his weary brain," when Marlowe finally saw him, "were haunted by shadowy images now — images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression."

Marlowe, while reacting in horror and shame from the man, identifies himself with Kurtz from the beginning, taking his part against the others, becoming his confidant and, at his death, the tru tee of his memory. The fellow feeling and the intimate nature of the revulsion are alike notable.

Kurtz, when he died, left with Marlowe a report he had written for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, in which he inadvertently revealed his true character as a moralist and word-monger.

> It was eloquent, vibrating with eloquence, but too high-strung, I think. Seventeen pages of close writing he had found time for! But this must have been before his—let us say—nerves, went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which—as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times—were offered up to him—do you understand?—to Mr. Kurtz himself. But it was a beautiful piece of writing. The opening paragraph, however, in the light of later information, strikes me now as ominous. He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, "must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings — we approach them with the might as of a deity," and so on, and so on. "By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded," etc., etc. From that point he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words — of burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning

(*Continued on page* 32)

Publisher's Gallery

—Drawn from life by Norkin.

VI: Joseph W. Lippincott

"YOU'RE either born with a good pituitary gland or you're dead in your tracks," says Joseph Wharton Lippincott, whose own p.g. is A-1. In forty years with J. B. Lippincott Co. its long-legged, debonair president (since 1926) has generated enough energy to shame a split atom: big-game hunting, riding to hounds, fishing, mountain climbing, polo, broncho busting, exploring, lecturing, writing. On his fifty-acre Huntington Valley (Pa.) farm he shoots crows, traps rats and foxes before breakfast, then hops a train for Philadelphia, dashing off reviews, nature and sports articles en route. "Wilderness Champion," his twelfth book, has had five editions here, five abroad.

By 9:30 he's at his desk. "Publishing is terrific! For heaven's sake let everybody in the organization have a good time! Let them in on the profits if you do well!" The firm took his grandfather's name in 1836 (records set existence in 1760), with J. W., Jr., fourth generation, and no dearth of potential fifths. "We're born to it," shrugs Mr. Lippincott, who caught up with his kismet in 1908 via the manufacturing department after a B.S. from the University of Pennsylvania, whose Wharton School another grandfather founded.

He is the only publisher in Explorers Club, trustee of Philadelphia's Moore Institute, Mercantile Library, Abington Hospital, Free Library, and the university, director of Athenaeum, Zoological Society, and Academy of Music, tosses off Society of Mayflower Descendants, *et al.* membership as "nothing—just Philadelphia." He collects for that city's Academy of Natural Science on solo treks to Alaska, Canada, Mexico, and Florida, finds freshly killed mountain sheep tasty, concludes: "If you waste one minute, it's lost."—R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History.

The flood of memoirs now appearing from major figures of the Roosevelt era is reminiscent of a somewhat similar group of books on the Wilson period published after the First World War. Most revealing of these was Seymour's "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," to which the forthcoming diaries of Harry Hopkins offer a close parallel. No real comparison can be made between Secretary of State Hull's memoirs, here under review, and the writings of Wilson's two Secretaries of State. While William Jennings Bryan produced a rather personal memoir, Lansing confined himself to the peace conference. The forthcoming memoirs of Eisenhower, however, recall General Pershing's "My Experiences in the World War." Closest to Stimson's recent "On Active Service in Peace and War" was Frederick Palmer's study of Wilson's Secretary of War: "Newton D. Baker: America at War."

Cassandra and the State Department

THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL. Vols. I and II. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 1,804 *pp.* $10.50.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE

FOR ALMOST twelve momentous years Cordell Hull of the Tennessee Hills was Secretary of State; no man before him had ever served in that high office for so long. From the time he was nineteen years old, back in 1890, Cordell Hull held public office more or less continuously until ill health induced by age and the burdens of office forced his retirement in November 1944. He had been a Federal judge, who defied convention by smoking cigars on the bench, then a Congressman, and then a Senator.

Out of this lifetime of service to his country now emerge "The Memoirs of Cordell Hull." Over 1,800 pages long, they are discursive, often badly organized, and are written with small literary grace. In the last respect they suffer badly when compared with the polished prose of Winston Churchill, whose own war recollections add their own flood to the stream of controversy. But Mr. Hull writes as the official he was, and the man he is, should write. His probity was beyond question. He was hard-working, sincere, and conscientious. He could be stubborn. He was intensely resentful when the new, brash war agencies invaded, as he saw it, the province of the Department of State. Possibly, as Secretary of State, he was sometimes limited in vision, but history must be the judge of that.

Speaking of history, the memoirs of Mr. Hull will effectively blast the notion that Franklin D. Roosevelt welcomed war. Had such been the case, as laboriously argued by Dr. Beard, Mr. Hull would not have lasted a fortnight in the Cabinet. But quite apart from Mr. Hull, the record shows again and again that Mr. Roosevelt sought disarmament. In May 1933, with the President's approval, American delegate Norman Davis made sweeping proposals to the disarmament conference at Geneva. These included some system of supervision of all nations. The same suggestion was made the following year, against the opposition of our War and Navy Departments. "I see no reason," Mr. Roosevelt told Mr. Hull, "why you should not tell the War Department that supervision and inspection must be all-inclusive, including all plants in all nations. That is my policy . . ."

Beyond serious dou
cy of such transcende
that it would have halt
Mr. Roosevelt could not
its adoption. His Secretary
failed even to persuade the
abolish trade barriers, althou
made substantial progress. Hull's
terest in foreign affairs stemmed fr
his life-long conviction that discrim
inatory tariffs were evil influences to-
ward economic ills. And these, he
knew and constantly reiterated, en-
couraged the rise of dictatorships.

> I was listened to but not heeded [Mr. Hull writes]. My Congressional experience as a Cassandra in the Twenties were being transplanted to the foreign field in the Thirties. . . . I had warned again and again that with economic nationalism trade would fail, debts could not be paid, unemployment would ensue, and collapse would surely come. It came. . . . From the State Department . . . I warned even oftener that, with political and economic nationalism, war would surely come. . . .

Meanwhile Japan advanced in the East. Meanwhile Hitler grew stronger and stronger in Europe. He was rearming Germany, on the advice of the crafty Schacht, by means of the funds advanced with incredible folly by American bankers. Hull was fully aware of what went on. He was aware, too, that little could be done about it. These were the years of the isolationists. The years before 1940 when France fell were, as Herbert Feis has written, "the years of incantation." "The American people," the former economic advisor to the State Department wrote, "watched the aggressive surge of the Axis nations with despondent foreboding. . . . They pleaded and reasoned with the dictators in notes that grew longer and longer—without expressing clear resolution. As each and every one of these incantations failed, the dark weight that rested on their spirits grew."

Mr. Hull was a politician as well as a statesman. Against the incantations, he knew, progress could be made only slowly. Too strong a position in the Far East would mean, he was convinced, a swift termination of the Administration's influence. But this does not mean that Mr. Hull always saw clearly what lay ahead. He was blind on some issues; thus the Civil War in Spain seemed to him but a struggle between right and left instead of the first major battle for freedom after World War I. On the other hand, he opposed the neutrality laws. He asked for Naval expansion in 1935. He tried to negotiate tin stockpiling with Great Britain that same year.

In some respects the first volume of Mr. Hull's story will be more valued

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

econd. The
the Secre-
war coun-
n. Diplo-
me. But
rich in
whole
were
.. Mr.
ger of Har-
sive account of our
deal with Darlan.

Many of the great of the day are painted, sometimes with dry, Tennessee wit. Mr. Hull, like Mr. Roosevelt, detested General de Gaulle and is probably less than fair to that difficult Frenchman. He admired Molotov. He had the temerity to disagree with Churchill. He resented a tendency on the part of Sumner Welles to make decisions without proper consultation. The best highlights concern President Roosevelt. Mr. Hull has been permitted to quote extensively from communications addressed to him by the President. And the future biographers of that colorful figure will not fail to note this reference to a typically Rooseveltian fondness for the military:

> Following Pearl Harbor, he preferred to be called Commander-in-Chief rather than President. He relished the title. . . .
>
> At a Cabinet dinner, probably in 1942, where I was to propose the toast, the President asked me, before I arose to speak: "Please try to address me as Commander-in-Chief, not as President."

But this must not be snatched from context and offered as evidence that Roosevelt sought war. He worked for peace until peace was impossible, very ably assisted by his Secretary of State.

A Rich Mind

STRANGER IN THE EARTH: The Story of a Search. By Thomas Sugrue. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 371 pp. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN W. CHASE

THIS is one of the most perplexing, at times confusing, books to appear in some time; also, it is one of the most interesting. As the title and subtitle ("The Story of a Search") might indicate, Thomas Sugrue has here attempted to present a special kind of spiritual autobiography — though it should hasily be added that about a quarter of the book is devoted to often sprightly accounts of relatively mundane affairs. But the chief questions immediately raised (and perhaps intentionally never altogether answered) are: in what sense is the author a "stranger," what *is* his "search"?

At first glance Mr. Sugrue's book appears uncomplicated. With easy craftsmanship he erects an original stage for his drama: the narrator, while undergoing long hours of painful therapeutic heat treatments, enters into protracted discussions of the first thirty years of his life with "the Professor," who bears a striking resemblance to the clock on the wall. Whenever these dialogues seem to pall or to come too close to monologues, the author deftly slides into straight narrative chapters. This is a pleasant literary device indeed, free from many of the conventional restraints, perhaps too free on occasion, since one tends to confuse the Professor and the patient.

The details of Mr. Sugrue's early life as presented here are interesting even if relatively uneventful: born in the Connecticut mill town of Naugatuck of Irish stock; educated at Washington and Lee; reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune;* free-lance writer for *The American Magazine,* until his return to New York to face the mysterious illness that left him almost fatally crippled. The story of Mr. Sugrue's heroic battle for life and his emergence, against almost hopeless odds, as a writer and critic of quality, is tactfully kept in the background. The author needs no maudlin tricks to hold our interest and sympathy.

But it is with the inner man that this book is primarily concerned. Mr. Sugrue eschews the traditional method of collecting his material and presenting the results in a consecutive pattern. Though he follows a rough chronological order, he allows his mind and imagination to dart in all directions, with no apparent limit to the variety of subjects his inquiring spirit enjoys investigating. Thus, one may ponder Mr. Sugrue's rather extraordinary reflections on the potential results of "petting" on our biological future on one page, and listen to a learned discussion of Vishnu on another.

However, stated baldly, this story might be called that of the early rebellion of a New England Catholic against his church—or at least the church as he believed it to function within the American framework—and of the long search for spiritual and philosophical understanding that followed this rebellion. There are angry passages condemning many matters Catholic: the ineffectual priests, the dumbness of the laity as it perfunctorily attends a Mass it is incapable of appreciating, the plutocracy of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and so on. This results in a kind of onesided anticlerical attack that can become monotonous.

At the other extreme we are given rose-colored interpretations of the New England and Southern spiritual and historical traditions that might cause many a native son of those regions to blink.

It is perhaps here that we reach the crux of the problem of Mr. Sugrue. He is deeply, honestly sentimental about America. His love of his country and its traditions is refreshingly unsubtle in a day of general cynicism. If he had happened to go to Montana State University instead of Washington and Lee, we are confident he would have fallen as deeply and quickly in love with the Great North-

Deadwood Carpenter

(A Common Woodpecker)

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

I HAVE some recollection of this fellow:
Unwise, impulsive, quite a ways from mellow,
A very Don Quixote for persistence,
Auctioning frustration in the middle distance;
The crested clown repeating with each tap
His much-refused proposals. Any chap
Who hammers permanence to such dead wood
Needs not my pity, be it understood.
And yet, I'd miss his eye and frantic beak:
If chestnut shoots and rotten stumps could speak,
They'd answer for this bird, give good report
To hedgerow lawyers arming with a tort
Or pragmatists, as you and I once were.
It's best to leave him to his error, sir,
And step this way. I know a cooling spring
Where silence props itself upon one wing
And does not launch impossibility.
O, do not glance up there so scornfully!
My friend, I think he's left that naked limb
And broken off the job. . . . Ah, shame on him!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

west as he did with the South. This passion for the American heritage is well presented by the Professor:

> . . . An overwhelming number of our leaders came from New England; a majority of them still do. It is an incredibly strong strain, tenacious, vigorous, ingenious, doggedly moral, and persistently godly. It has its accretions and absurdities, but it seems naturally adapted to the task of conquering, organizing, and controlling a wild, lush, vast, and incomparably rich land. Theologically it required individualism and positive virtue, and those are the qualities which made America, a new and tremendously exhilarating individualism and a great surge of positive virtue. Call it what you like, romantic humanitarianism, idealistic democracy, it is America and it is the most successful experiment in human destiny conducted during the history of man.

Against this emotional background, it is perhaps easier to understand the difficulties Mr. Sugrue found in reconciling his inherited Irish Catholicism with the American tradition, as he first began to interpret it even as a child. Though the author frequently indulges in flights into metaphysics, comparative religion, psychiatry, and the "facts" of science, he is not primarily an intellectual. He is a man suffused with a spiritual mission to his fellow-citizens. He avoids informing the reader of his resolution of his own dilemma, only declaring:

> The new religion is offered to Americans as an integral part of its evolving democracy and an inspiration to its declining Christianity. The decision to accept it or reject it is not to be made by officials of the government or the hierarchy of the church, but the population, the people, the congregation.

(It is interesting to note how close this passage comes to the evangelical spirit of Papini's recently published "Letters of Pope Celestine VI.")

It is possible that this book, with all its frequent charm of writing and challenge to action, will leave certain readers unsatisfied. The author's elusiveness may at times be construed, no matter how unfairly, as evasiveness. On rare occasions, Mr. Sugrue has a distracting habit of presenting material that is not inaccurate in itself but lends itself to confusion or possible misinterpretation by the reader. An uninformed person might easily derive a wrong impression from the author's account of his pre-marriage "informal" confession to the Jesuit priest, in which all references to an act of contrition and the granting of absolution are omitted. The telescoped version of the famous "Testem Benevolentiae" of Leo XIII might be misleading, particularly when it is so soon distorted into a sentence declaring in part ". . . the spirit of Americanism, which as a theology was declared anathema by your church." Quite minor but surprising is the author's misplacing in the Canon of the Mass of the "Agnus Dei."

But despite these and other possible blemishes, it is this reviewer's opinion that if the reader will only meet Mr. Sugrue with the charity and sympathy that lie in the author's heart, he will discover a rich and often stimulating mind. A sensitive, troubled soul has attempted to paint a highly individual picture of his spiritual and emotional world as he honestly sees it. Wit, narrative talent, Celtic whimsy, easy erudition, all combine to help present this story with a minimum of pompousness. And for sheer literary pleasure the reader is urged to read the opening pages of chapter nine, which surely must rank high in contemporary writing.

Columbia University held a memorial convocation May 12 for George Edward Woodberry, poet and critic, who headed its comparative literature department until 1903.

Around Town with No. 36791

MY FLAG IS DOWN. By James Maresca. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 188 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

IF JAMES MARESCA, Cab Driver No. 36791, sees the word "charming" applied to this so-called diary of his, he will probably lump your reviewer in with the male passenger who wanted to be called Agnes. Nevertheless, with my Kinsey rating firmly in my hand, I propose to call this a charming book.

Its charm lies primarily in the remarkable authenticity of its language, the raucous argot of our time. "My Flag Is Down" is also intensely honest, sardonically detached, frequently funny, and pervaded with a shrugging sort of sadness. It is charming, too, in a more literal sense: essentially monotonous, varying in pitch but not in key, it weaves a curious spell, like that of tom-toms.

In saying "monotonous," I am referring only to the structure of the book, which consists entirely of loosely strung and rather aimless anecdotes, all starting with somebody getting into the author's cab and winding up with the fare either paid or unpaid. But the mere fact that no strained attempt has been made to tailor the anecdotes gives the book its artless freshness. They are told as if they just happened that way, and if you don't like it, you know what you can do.

—*Jean Sardou.*

James Maresca: "The guy had tipped me good, but I didn't enjoy none of it."

Most of the stories get lifted over the fence with brief epilogues, usually shrewd and acid, though once in awhile Maresca comes uncomfortably close to sounding like that overworked character, the cabby-philosopher. But, for the most part, he muses tersely, as when he drives two "socialite dames" to the opera and listens to their talk of a sordid marriage:

> The both of them go into the Opera House all right and I look to see what's on the bill. . . . "Tristan and Isolde" the posters said. I wonder what either one of them dame gets out of a story and music like that.

Or, after watching a henpecked fare's wife break the whisky bottles he'd tried to smuggle into the house:

> The guy had tipped me . . . good, but I didn't enjoy none of it. What I imagine of that man's life makes me sick.

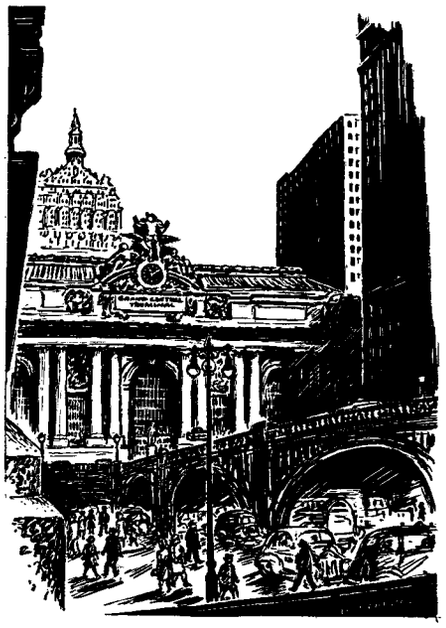
I don't believe that any ghostwriter could have produced this flavorous book. Undoubtedly, it has had some editing, but I assume it was the sort of editing that Sparrow Robertson used to get on the *Paris Herald.* The result is an idiom which is strongly reminiscent of Ring Lardner, with this difference: whereas Lardner wrote with a delicately attuned ear, Maresca writes in his own tongue. (So the jacket says, and I well believe it.)

This gives the book one serious weakness. All of the characters talk the way the author does, and while it is plain that he himself has a heart of gold, the rest of his people are depicted as unwarrantably tough,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rude, and noisy. For instance, here are some of the verbs used to convey their manner of speech: yap, snap, yell, scream, snarl, smirk, mark, spit, bawl, hiss, holler, yammer. In one story, "two golden-haired little girls, no more than twelve or fourteen," address the cab-driver as follows: "Are you a jerk? . . . Beat it before we start to scream and tear our clothes off."

Toward the end of the book, Maresca's preoccupation with trollops, pro, semi-pro, and amateur, gets a little stultifying, but, in general, his cool and healthy matter-of-factness saves him from anything like pruriency. It should be noted, however, that although the jacket and the opening chapter refer to strip-teasers among the "screwball passengers," no strip-teaser turns up in the book. Also, we are given to believe that some pretty big names have whispered into the driver's ear, but no names, big or little, ever show. This leaves the reader with a faint feeling of having been led, and led rather meretriciously, down the garden path. Since Maresca takes a firmly virtuous stand on pandering, he should be above this kind of thing.



He comes one beautiful cropper. At the end, the "wacky waitress" who provides such tenuous continuity as there is, gets into the taxi and remarks that it's her first cab ride, leading to one of Maresca's philosophic bits about the thousands of people in New York who never ride in cabs or have any other big-city fun. Trouble is that way back on page forty-two the waitress enters his life when she hails his cab and is driven to her place of business on 23rd Street.

Never mind, it's a darned good book.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

HEAVENLY BODIES IN TITLES

Par for this week's quiz is to supply at least twenty-five of the thirty heavenly bodies which are missing in the titles listed below. You will find the answers on page 16.

1. Harry Brown: "A Walk in the ....."
2. Pearl Buck: "The Good ....."
3. Edgar Rice Burroughs: "War Lord of ....."
4. Niven Busch: "A Duel in the ....."
5. Erskine Caldwell: "Kneel to the Rising ....."
6. Carl Carmer: "..... Fell on Alabama"
7. Gladys Carroll: "As the ..... Turns"
8. A. J. Cronin: "The ..... Look Down"
9. Clyde Brion Davis: "The ..... Incline"
10. Floyd Dell: "..... Calf"
11. W. S. Gilbert: "To the ....., By a Miserable Wretch"
12. Lady Gregory: "The Rising of the ....."
13. Ernest Hemingway: "The ..... Also Rises"
14. Harry Stephen Keeler: "The Face of the Man from ....."
15. Somerset Maugham: "The ..... and Sixpence"
16. Alice Leone Moats: "Blind Date with ....."
17. Elizabeth Howard Metzger: "Before the ..... Goes Down"
18. Ogden Nash & S. J. Perleman: "One Touch of ....."
19. Eugene O'Neill: "The ..... of the Caribbees"
20. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings: "South ..... Under"
21. O. E. Rolvagg: "Giants in the ....."
22. Lynn Root & Harry Clork: "..... ....."
23. William Shakespeare: "..... and Adonis"
24. Marguerite Steen: "The ..... is My Undoing"
25. John Steinbeck: "The ..... is Down"
26. Booth Tarkington: "Presenting Lily ....."
27. Bert Leston Taylor: "....."
28. Jules Verne: "A Journey to the Center of the ....."
29. H. G. Wells: "In the Days of the ....."
30. Edith Wharton: "Reaching for the ....."

Madcap Gypsying

IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN. By James Warner Bellah. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 256 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

NOAH BEERY'S valet considerately supplied the title for Mr. Bellah's journals. "Please, sir," he laments, "for fifteen years before I married I was in the service of a very irregular gentleman and yew've made me 'omesick." What could be neater? From this point on, anything goes and the magic carpet soars. The madcap gypsying covers China, Arabia, Hollywood, Haiti, New York, Montana, and practically every cranny of our one world. The whole is presented in excerpts of an entirely non-sequitur sequence. Memory leaps from flying in the First World War to reporting in the Second, to eulogizing Floyd Gibbons or an impeccable manservant, and so on and on to moments intimate or exciting.

There is plenty of blood and thunder, with suicide and murder to enliven the tale. An exquisite oriental lady of the night is found dead in a gutter in China; a cold-blooded killing occurs quite casually in Mexico; on a voyage to Panama a despairing stewardess does herself in. And, in an attempt to solve the mystery of a wealthy Belgian lost over the Channel, our roving reporter reconstructs the scene in dramatic but excessively tasteless terms.

This is the rugged fellow. But there is also the cavalier paying dewy-eyed tribute to Mary Garden, bowing before the aged Maeterlinck, or falling in love with the idea a beautiful, cool, English blonde represents.

Nor was there ever such blatant bravery. Arms and legs dangle, blood pours while the victims, though they may blanch, yet carry on the fight. There is an unmistakable Mitty quality in all this that disturbs the desired sense of awe. Mr. Bellah's admitted purpose was to "go out and know your town," thereby further reducing the earth's surface. The accumulated knowledge is scant. The well-watered Richard Harding Davis approach seems much too consciously carefree and the determined restlessness immensely fatiguing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americana. *Two of the many Americana series now being published are represented in our reviews this week: "Memphis Down in Dixie," third of Dutton's new Society in America Series, and "Americans from Hungary," the second in Lippincott's The Peoples of America Series, edited by Louis Adamic. Probably Rinehart's highly successful Rivers of America Series was the first of the current crop of such books; one might also mention among regional compilations the WPA-sponsored American Guides, which have never been surpassed in their field. Incidentally, one region, the Mississippi Delta, is covered this week not only by McIlwaine's "Memphis Down in Dixie," but by David Cohn's "Where I Was Born and Raised." . . . Readers fascinated by the folk-sayings analyzed in Funk's "A Hog on Ice—," reviewed below, should not forget H. L. Mencken's recent Supplement II to "The American Language."*

Pre-Purity Days on the Delta

MEMPHIS DOWN IN DIXIE. By Shields McIlwaine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 400 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

WHEN Dutton decided upon a Society in America Series, to portray some of this country's cities, Memphis became third on the list, following Cleveland Amory's "The Proper Bostonians" and Charles Hurd's "Washington Cavalcade."

Here at the northernmost point of the ellipse that is the Mississippi Delta, there exists some agreement that Memphis should have been at least that high in the Society in America Series, for the story of Memphis is one with melodrama and lustiness, much of which Mr. McIlwaine has captured in his bright and pleasant narrative. Yet there are at least a dozen other cities in the United States with as much glamor in the record, official and unofficial—which raises the question "why Memphis?"

If it is because this city has progressed (or retrogressed) from a lusty, brawling river town where the devil by tradition had prior claim on the hindermost, to a pleasant haven of moral purity in 120-odd years, there might be ample reason for Dutton, having picked this community to be number three on the list. Yet Mr. McIlwaine completed the manuscript without having brought it up to date; he chronicled the land grabs of Andrew Jackson and John Overton which placed this real estate in the hands of pioneers; he tells of the rowdy ways of flat-boatmen and the antisocial activities of those who lived in Pinch Gut, yet he neglected to picture a Memphis of the mid-twentieth century, with its moving-picture censorship which has brought fame of a sort to the city. He neglected also to record the passing of a rich old name such as Whiskey Chute, a narrow thoroughfare leading from the river front to Main Street, now diluted to Park Lane. He forgot also to mention that Memphis has achieved a sort of skim-milk purity, unconvincingly suggestive of Boston's Watch and Ward Society tactics.

In spite of all this, however, Mr. McIlwaine has told the story of the Memphis Magdalene, a lady of easy virtue who turned her house into a hospital for patients who could not pay during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878; he has recaptured the spirit of Captain Jim Lee and the river packets during the river's golden age; he has related the story of a restaurateur-gourmet whose estate laid the foundation for a modern publicly-supported hospital and a community center.

Mr. McIlwaine does more than justice to the planter barons who made Memphis their Gomorrah long before their heirs and assigns discovered the Stork Club as a funnel into which to pour profits. They were fascinating characters who made money and kept it or lost it. He has traced the rise and fall of the hardwood lumber industry and its rugged camps in the woods where the Bo-dollar was king; told tales about the cotton dynasties which have come and gone and still remain—a collection of yarns rich, salty, human. Like the one about the sale of a piece of real estate: the vendor went back after the papers had been signed, to haul off a load of corn which stood close to a pile of manure. The buyer protested about the corn, and they went to law. The court ruled that corn was a chattel, and manure was part of the real estate. Whereupon the buyer spoke out in court and asked, "At what spot is it, in a mule's digestive tract, that corn ceases to be a chattel and becomes real estate?"

There is a section on the Civil War (H. Allen Smith called it the Civil War Between the States for Southern Independence) when Memphians gathered on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River and occupied ringside seats for an inland naval battle; the story of how Memphis, worshipping the name of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, kept a shrewd eye on business matters while the fortunes of war were being decided almost within hearing distance.

Moreover, there is the chapter "What Negroes Mean to Memphis," with appropriate tribute to at least three of the best-known men of that race in this city's history . . . W. C.

—"Negro Band," by Waldo Peirce.

Memphis—"where the devil by tradition had prior claim on the hindermost."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Handy, father of the blues; John C. Claybrooke, who became a millionaire out of cotton and lumber, and Alonzo Locke, headwaiter at the Peabody Hotel, who by local tradition could call more celebrities by name than any other man in the country.

And then there is the chapter on Edward Hull Crump, head of the Memphis and Shelby County political organization, who has achieved nationwide if not worldwide fame. Mr. McIlwaine deals objectively with Mr. Crump . . . some will call it tenderly . . . and about him and his regime has written little that has not been chronicled many times before.

"Memphis Down in Dixie" may not be one of the important books of the year, but it will be a readable one in the Society in America series. It is packed with tales, anecdotes, and folk history of some hitherto unheralded people.

400 Sayings Ripe and Pithy

A HOG ON ICE AND OTHER CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS. By Charles Earle Funk. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 214 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

TIME and circumstance have dowered us Americans with a rich heritage of native and imported folk sayings. From across the sea have sailed such expressions as "all around Robin Hood's barn." Out of our own South's peculiar institution sprang the emotional "sold down the river." From this heritage the eminent lexicographer Mr. Funk has chosen some four hundred ripe and pithy sayings. In tracing these to their roots, he has deepened the backgrounds of our daily speech.

From these expressions we can learn of ourselves. "Poor as Job's turkey," for instance, illustrates our habit of extending a well-known simile for variety or humorous effect. We add *turkey* to *Job*, as we extend *graceful as a cow* into *graceful as the bird they call the cow*. Our addition to hyperbole causes us to add *greased* to *lightning* in the simile *faster than greased lightning*. Thus, in our own American way, we pile Pelion upon Ossa.

Many of our most characteristic sayings have been forged on the anvil of political campaigns. The word *bandwagon* was originally a circus term, but the expressive phrase *get on the bandwagon*, according to Mr. Funk, dates from the second Presidential campaign of William Jennings Bryan. *Don't swop horses in midstream* won two critical Presidential elections. *To take the stump* and *up the stump* are political phrases whose origins go back to the days when the stump was no metaphor in American political speaking.

It is interesting to see how many phrases have their source in the dodgeries and ready-made maneuverings of mankind. *A baker's dozen* for thirteen came out of the fact that a loaf of bread can be made to hold more airpockets than solid material. *To let the cat out of the bag* also harks back to a sales trick. The unwary buyer bought a pig in a poke. When the poke was opened, the pig did not begin to squeal. Instead the cat began to scratch. In other words, a cat, not a pig, was in the bag. Once a literal statement, today we use it in the figurative sense to disclose a trick, let out a secret.

One learns from these sayings. Here are a lot of good sixty-four-dollar questions. Mr. Funk says he can find no evidence that burying the hatchet was an old Indian custom. If you smoke a herring, you redden it as you redden a lobster by boiling it. Hence the red herring a criminal drags across a trail is a smoked herring to baffle the pursuing bloodhounds. The much-envied *life of Reilly* has its origin in a song of the 1880's. The ticket in *that's the ticket!* was born of a mispronunciation of *etiquette*. (Try it over on your own tongue. Put the accent on the second syllable of the French word, and see what you get.) When you spike a gun, you don't spike the barrel: you spike the touch-hole, the place where the charge of powder is ignited.

Future lexicographers will look up from their work to call Mr. Funk blessed, both for the research he has done on old phrases and because he has set down in good time the origin of such modern phrases as *fifth columnist, Bronx cheer*, and *behind the eight ball*.

Safe

By Anna Stevenson

WHO FEARS the house that shelters him
yet clings to its oblivion,
The burrows of the beetle folk
are not more safe against the sun.

He bars the door and winds the clock
that rules his thought and sets his pace,
secure against the endlessness
that sucks the spirit into space.

—*A. Aubrey Bodine.*

My Current Reading

"This is only a partial and perhaps not representative list," writes **H. L. Mencken.** "I read a great deal of trash, and find some of it edifying. I can't endure detective fiction, and find most other fiction a bore (especially that of so-called social significance), but on a recent holiday I read a dozen or more different true detective magazines. When the Supreme Court of the United States lately liberated them from the New York wowsers I was full of thanksgiving, and gave two dollars to the poor. I read the *Supreme Court Reporter* regularly, and love the gaudy style of the learned justices. I am also a fan for the *Pittsburgh Courier*, the best colored newspaper in the United States, with the best columnist, George S. Schuyler, on any paper white or black. Each month I get through at least forty other magazines, some of them dreadful. I can read anything." Mr. Mencken's latest contribution to what other people are reading is "The American Language, Supplement II."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by Neville Cardus (London: Collins, 1947)*

THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, *edited by Gordon N. Ray (Harvard University Press)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

POSTSCRIPT TO YESTERDAY: *America: The Last Fifty Years, by Lloyd Morris (Random)*

A HOG ON ICE AND OTHER CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS, *by Charles Earle Funk (Harper)*

THE DICTIONARY OF CLICHES, *by Eric Partridge (Macmillan)*

AN INTRODUCTION TO LINGUISTIC SCIENCE, *by Edgar H. Sturtevant (Yale University Press)*

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY, *edited by Clarence L. Barnhart (Random)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ways Down South

WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED. By David Cohn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 380 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MR. COHN, a native of the Mississippi Delta, which "begins in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis and ends on Catfish Row at Vicksburg" and which isn't really the delta of the Mississippi, might be called, one supposes, a humanistic sociologist. His interest in American folkways has led him to investigate mail-order catalogues, automobiles, and women, in addition to his careful study of the soil from which he sprang.

In 1936 he published a book called "God Shakes Creation"—"God shakes creation in the spring," said a Negro minister friend of his, with a gift for picturesque speech—which was the first attempt anyone had made to tell the story of the flat country enriched by the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers, where cotton is King and where there are more Negroes to the white man than anywhere else in the United States.

Now Mr. Cohn, having returned home to Greenville after an absence of fifteen years and taken a new look about him, reprints his earlier book, and adds to it a whole section in which he brings his observations, pointed, pungent, and recorded with a fine bravura of style, up to date. Greenville is where William Alexander Percy, poet and planter, was also born and raised, and he wrote about it with enduring charm in "Lanterns on the Levee." It is also where Hodding Carter publishes a newspaper and wins Pulitzer Prizes with editorials from it on tolerance, a timely enough topic in the neighborhood, as may readily be imagined.

A land of large plantations, up to 60,000 acres, for example, the Delta is, Mr. Cohn feels, on the verge of revolutionary changes in its economic and social structure. Going, if not gone, are the patriarchal Percys and their *noblesse oblige*, which was real and important, and the villains and serfs from the hills have moved into the manor house, the Negro-hating "hillbillies and red necks," of whom the late Bilbo was so perfect a representative.

Delta economy rests squarely on cotton bales, like the Custom House in New Orleans, which is none too sure a foundation in this world of change; the Negroes who are not leaving in large numbers are demanding their "rights," and altogether the good old days of a civilization which had at least reached a momentary equilibrium, are finished. "No hiding place down there," says Mr. Cohn, quoting a spiritual, and, no doubt, watching the mechanical cotton picker from his study window, as it begins to write a new chapter in history.

To achieve his picture and to make it come close to the truth, Mr. Cohn gives us the essence of people, not statistics. He presents race relations in all their infinity of shadings and contradictions, and does not tell the biggest lie of all by trying to pretend that they can be simplified. There are many Chinese in the Delta who are married to Negro women, for example. The white churches accept the Chinese, even with "colored blood," but Chinese children, now allowed to attend white schools, although it is against a state law, are supposed to be only those of pure Mongolian blood!

The new part of the book does not have the unity of the earlier section, but its separate chapters are excellent, and none any better than the very last, called "Black Troubadour," which is about Joe Moss, a genius at the mouth-organ, which made this reviewer, an ex-Deltan himself, feel like fleeing his Connecticut hillside, daffodils and all, in search of Joe and his lonesome, soul-shaking music, full of *weltschmerz* and *sehnsucht*.

Mr. Cohn says nothing about the English-owned cotton plantation at Scott, one of the largest in the world, a good subject for a chapter. Nor does he include among his stories one of the best the Delta has produced, which concerns a white man who admitted that he had had a Negro mistress for thirty years, but, defending himself hotly against any suspicion that he might favor "social equality," swore he had "never sat down to breakfast with her." In spite of these omissions, Mr. Cohn has written a highly readable, entertaining book.

"David Cohn gives the essence of people, not statistics."

Melting Pot's Magyars

AMERICANS FROM HUNGARY. By Emil Lengyel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 319 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HAL LEHRMAN

THIS chronicle of the works and progress of Hungarians in America begins in fascination with a certain Tyrker, a "Turk" of possible Magyar origins, who sailed with Leif Ericson six centuries before the *Mayflower*, but it concludes in bleak monotony with a compendium of the writers, artists, scientists, politicians, bankers, manufacturers, clothiers, stampdealers, and others of Hungarian blood who have contributed their just portion to the modern American melting pot.

Nearly all of us like to see our names in print. Perhaps Mr. Lengyel calculated that the more names, the more readers. Another reason may have been the author's desire to bolster his argument that Hungarians have made their significant gift to American life and culture. Of course they have, and handsomely, but so have the other nationalities, not excluding the Scandinavian, which make up the composite breed called American—as the People of America Series, of which this volume is the second to appear, will surely demonstrate. In the mountains of names and barren facts which Mr. Lengyel piles up throughout his book, an occasional nugget gleams. It is interesting to discover, for example, that a certain Arpád Steiner, Hungarian Jew, was more widely known as the very model of the modern English gentleman, the late and great Leslie Howard. More often, however, Mr. Lengyel's almanac approach merely makes for ponderously dull reading.

Nevertheless the tapestry of Hungarian America is threaded with rich detail, even in this inadequate study. It was a Hungarian poet, Parmenius of Buda, who shipped as official historian in Elizabethan Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to these shores, and perished when the *Delight* went down off Cape Sable in 1583. Colonel Michael Kovats led a fatal cavalry charge against the British in Charleston in 1779. In the middle of the last century a Hungarian exile named János Xántus was surveying the Midwestern wilderness for the railroads and consorting with a Seminole chief who, also feeling robbed of his country, offered the congenial Hungarian a pair of slippers and his daughter. In the Civil War five countrymen of Louis Kossuth, one of Europe's greatest fighters for freedom, attained the rank of brigadier general on the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Union side, and two others became major generals.

Occasionally, Mr. Lengyel desists from pasting up lists of names or stringing citations together from other books (scrupulously acknowledged in a bibliographical appendix). At such times he writes skilfully, with a sense for the quaint and the piquant. He is especially competent on the "pushes" which shoved the peasants off the feudal manors of the Magyar countocracy, and the "pulls" which enticed them to the mines of Pennsylvania and the mills of Ohio. His best chapter is an essay on the iniquities of the Hungarian *ancien regime*, the misery of the toiling farmhand whose gracious lord might grant him a bonus totaling five dollars during thirty years of loyal service, the social-mindedness of a ruling caste which disbursed more for racehorse prizes than for public sanitation.

Hungary may have been "the bouquet on the hat of God" in the self-estimation of the Budapest government, but when the wave of emigration reached its peak during the opening decade of this century, the people were abandoning the Magyar paradise at the fearful rate of one per cent of the population annually. In the New World they encountered the hazards met by other pioneers. They grappled with the terrible loneliness of an alien land, and clannishness turned East 79th Street in New York City into a Hungarian island bounded by Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. The salesmen of underwater mines, and the sharpster lawyers, preyed on the "greenhorn" who, working early and late, amassed a wonderful fortune of a few hundred dollars in this golden land of opportunity. There was the swift punishment which descended on the immigrant who took the promises of liberty too literally by grumbling over-loud against the sweatshops and the bosses. There was the bewilderment of the clash between sentiment for the old country and loyalty to the new. There was, finally, the inevitable rift between the first generation, isolated by barriers of language and tradition, and the second generation, emancipated and assimilated. On such themes Mr. Lengyel is engaging, spirited, and sympathetic.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sun. 2. Earth. 3. Mars. 4. Sun. 5. Sun. 6. Stars. 7. Earth. 8. Stars. 9. Stars. 10. Moon. 11. Terrestial Globe. 12. Moon. 13. Sun. 14. Saturn. 15. Moon. 16. Mars. 17. Sun. 18. Venus. 19. Moon. 20. Moon. 21. Earth. 22. The Milky Way. 23. Venus. 24. Sun. 25. Moon. 26. Mars. 27. Canopus. 28. Earth. 29. Comet. 30. Moon.

Fiction.

The modern novelist's difficulties in portraying with any simplicity a world in chaos is shown in more than one of the novels reviewed this week. Jean Malaquais' grim account of Marseilles during the occupation is involved with the equally weighted dramas of scores of collaborationists, patriots, victims, and profiteers. In another translation from the French, Roger Lemilin's "The Town Beneath," there are half a dozen themes subordinate to the story of youth in a tough suburb of Lower Quebec. Even Zoe Oldenberg's novel of the Middle Ages, "The World Is Not Enough," reveals the baffling inconsistencies of medieval man and contains over sixty fully drawn characters. It is beginning to be obvious that persistent readers of new novels are yearning for the old recipe, a coherent central plot—with a hero and a heroine who stay in the limelight—recountable in less than ten involved minutes.

In the Chains of Evil

WORLD WITHOUT VISA. By Jean Malaquais. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 499 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

FRANCE, during its days of prostration under Nazi power, was a trap in which human beings were caught. It was a microcosm of our planet, with the difference that some men and women did manage to escape from it by way of life rather than death. In "World Without Visa" Jean Malaquais has sought to put into fiction a likeness of that historical situation, peopled by a representative number of its involved creatures. His book, one of the most ambitious of recent novels, is the product of experience, intelligence, passion, faith, artistic skill, and a remarkably versatile eloquence that, thanks to Peter Grant, has passed with unusual success from one language into another.

It may be argued that this work is better in its parts than as a whole, that the novel is sprawling as well as large, that the author has dissipated his considerable power by lavishing it on so many lives, on so many characters who must be made, one by one and group by group, to take the center of the stage and then retire, and then repeat the performance, so that each and all of them may have their moments of conspicuous significance. But it is equally true that M. Malaquais could have said what he wished to say—as much as he wished to say—by means of no other method than the one he chose. He was not after neat and tidy effects. He was willing to squander power in order to take in territory and crowd his scene. Balance, proportion, harmony, a single and steadily rising curve of interest—these were not within the range of his intention. If he could make his novel seethe with the life and meaning of its time, with a host of characters, each acting under individual compulsions in an extraordinary situation; if he could show how men and women (each representing a type of humanity) behaved in many different ways under certain pressures, then he would have done successfully what he set out to do. And this, I believe, he has done.

The center of the action is Marseilles, long in the unoccupied zone, then occupied with the rest of France. In the course of this action, we descend into the foulest chasms of human conduct, are cleansed again by deeds of simple decency, and are invigorated by examples of unhesitating, selfless courage.

Our companions include ardent collaborationists, resistance workers of every stripe, greedy opportunists, sincere converts to the new order, and victims of all degrees of helplessness. Prominent among them are Ivan Stepanoff, an old Bolshevik whose career is legendary, who has escaped Stalin's purges; Marc Laverne, young Trotskyite intellectual, who will make no bargain with "democratic" anti-Fascist forces, and who believes that Ivan has been "stricken with political infantilism"; Adrien de Pontillac, suavest of collaborators, regional Legion chief, and "lord and master at the Prefecture of the Bouches-du-Rhone," who is busy transferring funds to the States; lovely Karen, or Gervaise, who is not what she seems to Pontillac; Aldous John Smith, of the American Refugee Service, who is fighting heroically against odds to save as many as possible of Europe's displaced intellectuals; Hirsch, who tells himself that he despises his fellow Jews who have come from the East to make life in France "no longer fit to live," but whose resentment is based on fear; Sonia and Pawel Krantz, who

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are among the doomed Jews despised by Hirsch; Mélodie, former cafe waiter, now bully boy of the *Service d'Ordre Légionnaire;* block-captain Matthieu, no friend of Mélodie's, but sincerely devoted to the Marshal and the new order, who swells with inhumanity when his petty nature is poisoned by a small draught of authority; Cyril Daubigny, married to a Jewess, whose aristocratic pedigree cannot save him when he is caught by mistake in a roundup of Marseilles Jews—all these and many more are our companions in "World Without Visa."

The lives of these characters form a shifting complex of interests, emotions, aims, and ideologies; in their clashes, in the unwinding of fates, drama explodes into melodrama and then gives way, but not very often, to relaxing comedy. The human agony depicted is at times so intense as to make a reader turn from the page; sentiment, honest sentiment, plays on his heart-strings; vileness makes him retch with revulsion. Jean Malaquais' organ has many stops, and he is master of them all; but he manipulates them, I believe, with an absolute sincerity of intention, never for the sake of artificial effects. He is one of those comparatively few writers who are equally at home with both action and thought, and as a result each is vitalized by the other in this book.

No one can read this novel today without deep emotional and intellectual perturbation. If the nature of man is as we find it in Malaquais' pages, what are we to think of ourselves and of our human prospects? Most of us will find hope in the qualities of a Papsky or an Aldous John Smith, and some will be inspired by the uncompromising fighting convictions of a Laverne. Then there are the Haenschels. The simple goodness of Herr and Frau Haenschel—who, holding each other by the hand on their perilous journey, "shone like the faithful in the porch of a church after communion"—proved to be their armor and their salavation.

> They had fled from Germany, then from Austria, then from Czechoslovakia, now from France, nine years of running in circles in a hemophilic Europe wounded in the belly, she on her varicose legs, he with his asthmatic breathing, over the vertical walls of frontiers, on foot, on their knees, through briers and swamps and barbed wire and clots of blood, nine years in which migration had become a way of life, a conception of the world, from milestone to milestone, tenaciously and almost unhurriedly, toward Brazil, toward their sons who in distant Brazil monopolized the handbag industry—and here they were, the two of them, calm and free of misgivings.

But the simple goodness of this old couple is not common among us, and, as long as it is not, their kind of salvation must remain a somewhat special and lonely business. Evil, with attendant submission and adaptation to evil, is far less rare. And the chain of evil is strong and without visible end. An Emilio Lopez forges another link in that chain whenever, however "justly," he revenges himself and his fellows upon the body of a Mélodie. And it is because of this that I find the episode of Lopez's revenge, "sympathetic" character though he is, the most profoundly discouraging and depressing of all this novel's episodes. Is there to be no break, ever, in the chain? How long, O mankind, how long?

To what extent does the almost irrepressible emotional collaboration of present-day readers contribute to the apparent power and success of this novel? And will it speak with an equally effective voice to a later generation's readers who have not lived as we have, at least in imagination, through its action? We cannot answer the first question with confidence, and only time will answer the second. Meanwhile Jean Malaquais ranks high among the novelists who have held up to our age a mirror in which we can find and contemplate our own, most disquieting, likenesses.

Love, Economics, & Salvation, 1200 A.D.

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH. By Zoë Oldenbourg. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc. 1948. 509 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE CHARACTERISTIC which renders even well-written novels about the Middle Ages so generally anemic despite the bustling adventure which fills them is the tendency of their authors to accept the pattern of medieval life at its face value. Actually the medieval world was filled and, beneath the crust of persistent tradition, motivated by the coexistence and interplay of the most inconsistent human trends and beliefs. Any honest re-creation of that world, therefore, excludes "heroic" writing and moral appraisal; its depiction must be chronicle rather than saga. Miss Oldenbourg's book is both chronicle and rewarding fiction.

Quite fittingly her story of late twelfth-century life in Champagne begins with the marriage of two adolescents—Ansieu of Linnières and Alis of Puiseaux—and with the rude impatience of Alis's father-in-law for the continuance of his line. (In the face of an appalling mortality procreation in the Middle Ages was one of the foremost concerns of a petty knight who wanted to hold on to his fief.) Again and again Miss Oldenbourg transports the reader to the "bathhouse" of Linnières, the small outbuilding reserved for the consummation of marriages, childbirth, and purifications, the only place, in truth, in which it was possible to escape the eyes of the entire household. Uncles and cousins, in-laws and bastards crowd the hall and the common bedchamber of the castle, expecting to be treated to sumptuous meals. Not one moment in Lady Alis's life is free from responsibility; more than once it is she who has even to negotiate with the Jewish moneylender in Troyes.

Nor is her baron idle. His knightly pursuits have an avowedly economic basis; his hunting stocks the larder, while the forfeits paid by those he subdues in tournaments furnish the cash needed for the girls' dowries, the purchase of hauberks, and the offerings which a Christian nobleman must make to the church, no matter how little he esteems her clergy. A good man in his metier, Ansieu is nevertheless always on the verge of economic disaster. To go on crusades is the thing to do, and Ansieu follows the fashion. His lust for adventure is constant, but his grief over the defilement of the Holy Sepulchre is sincere, and he looks on participation in the crusade as a guarantee of eternal salvation. In the end, cast into new debts by his ventures, he no longer gives thought to whatever

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hopes of gain he may have entertained, while his lasting grief over the death in battle of his firstborn finds no solace in his pious superstition.

Miss Oldenbourg presents what seems to me an admirable picture of the baffling inconsistencies of medieval man. The realism with which she portrays all his many—to us—contradictory traits is convincing throughout both in its toughness and its exuberance. The most brilliant section of her novel is the detailed description of the glory and misery and illusions of the Third Crusade, with its dazzling projection of Richard Lionheart against the background of events. Its most poignant episodes deal with the two extramarital affairs of the Lady Alis, who remains faithful to her lord during his absence but, on his return insouciant as ever, gives herself first to a sophisticated lady-killer and years later, when in her middle forties (old age for a woman in the Middle Ages), rewards the lifelong silent devotion of her steward by admitting him to her, or rather to her lord's, bed—the great bearskin-covered bed which has a totemic importance for the family.

There must be some threescore fully drawn characters in Miss Oldenbourg's novel. It is a pity that she has not used her mastery of the period to give us at least a glimpse of the life of the peasants. Except for their promiscuous wenches, they never appear. Probably the sources on which Miss Oldenbourg drew reflected very little on the lowly born, for the one belief to which the medieval world held unambiguously and consistently was its faith in the superiority of noble blood.

Asseola and the Seminole Wars

BRIGHT FEATHER. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 408 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

THAT terrible time in Florida's history, before statehood, when the ruthlessness of frontier Americans pushing south for more land and escaped slaves caused the ruin of the Indian life they crowded, the long series of broken treaties, and the long, bloody Seminole wars, has never been more brilliantly presented. The story of the great Indian Asseola or Osceola or Asiya-hola has never been made so human.

This is the first historical novel by Robert Wilder, whose previous books, "God Has a Long Face," "Flamingo Road," and "Written on the Wind" were popular successes not because of their Florida backgrounds but because of their lavish, vigorous, lusty realism. Here at last Robert Wilder has a story and a background worthy of the living qualities of his prose.

The story of Asseola demanded a painstaking historical exactitude, a balanced judgment, and a warm and flexible style. Mr. Wilder has met that challenge with full emotional and literary maturity. He has not only dealt justly with one of the greatest of our Indian heroes but he has brought to turbulent and boiling life one of the least known periods in Southern, as well as American, history.

This story of Asseola has been told over and over again in the stilted boys' books of the last century, like Kirk Munroe's "Flaming Feather," Coe's "Red Patriots," and in the military records of Sprague's "Origin, Progress and Conclusion of the Florida War." Without the slightest sentimentality Wilder's realism rightly shows Osceola as neither a "sneaking redskin" nor a "Noble savage" but as a man of indomitable courage, determination, and sure leadership. We see, not all the known details of his story, but the highlights, against those crowded, lusty, brawling, and authentic Florida days.

The portrait of Asseola comes alive with only a few and often serious deviations from the record, against a fictional background, of which the hero is young Clay Hammond, a thoughtful young man brought up on the vast west coast of Florida plantation of his feudal grandfather, Clayfield Hammond, a more villainous patriarch even than the leading character in "God Has a Long Face," which made Mr. Wilder first famous. The old man is one of those frontier land-and-slave-stealers whose band of cutthroats and border ruffians murder poor white settlers as well as ruin the broken Indian tribes around them. It was exactly this type of man who caused the Indian wars.

Young Clay was brought up with only one friend, the young Asseola. It is through his eyes that we have the most revealing views of Asseola, the embittered leader. Young Clay's experiences in the muddy new capital of Tallahassee, in Pensacola, and in the old Spanish, and new American city of St. Augustine, with its crowded streets and taverns, its fancy gentlemen, gamblers, citizens, and Army officers give us vividly the picture of those times. If Mr. Wilder has his young hero fall in love with a nice young Yankee girl-pioneer and, in the curiously stereotyped way of modern historical romances, marry as fleshy a young strumpet as Mr. Wilder's realism has ever produced, at least they seem more real than most.

At least his presentation is sound for the mass action behind the Indian betrayal, the mutual atrocities of the first Seminole wars, the details of the Dade massacre, and all the balancing picture of good Indian agents and bad, pig-headed generals, honest officers, frontiersmen of every kind, and Indians filthy and mean and undisciplined, or those other warlike bands under leaders left after Asseola's capture, already heading south to other battles and the long refuge of the Everglades.

—*From "Art in Federal Buildings."*

"Indian Theme," by Stephen Mopope.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Evil Below Deck

STOKERS' MESS. By Arne Skouen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 237 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

ADOLESCENT growing pains are frequently made out in fiction to be a more frenetic business than in everyday life. Still, growing up at sea would be a harrowing affair for most of us landlubbers anyway. And I do not imagine that reading a novel like "Stokers' Mess" is going to change any of our minds all of a sudden. On the contrary, it confirms what readers of Jack London have long held forth—that sadism, lust, terror, wine, women, and song remain the standard ingredients for a rousing sea yarn. But, somehow, in writing about a sensitive fifteen-year-old messboy's awakening to manhood in the stokers' hold of a freighter off the east coast of Africa, one would have preferred Mr. Skouen to have employed more pyrotechnics and fewer melodramatic effects. In fact, by using both he vitiates what otherwise might be a powerfully taut psychological drama.

It is almost as though Mr. Skouen were trying to recapture the memory of his own apprenticeship at sea. He cannot quite decide whether he really wishes his young protagonist, Einar, to grow up. It may explain, too, why the drunken revelries that are staged on board (which are intended to catapult the boy into maturity overnight) have a somewhat stagey effect, even a false note. Einar is thrown into the raw, brutish animal world below deck; and yet because the reader is given the impression almost from the start that Einar will emerge unscathed, one is seldom deeply shocked or alarmed by the events. Whether Einar is matching wits with Oscar or Hagbart, his own age; or enduring physical pain at the hands of the sadistic Knut; or trying to fathom the enigmatic personalities of the others, their hostility towards him and their behavior to each other, it is all the same thing. Einar is essentially a dreamer. His wild notions and imaginings may even get him into a pack of trouble, but they are also a refuge for him against harsh realities. Perhaps more romantically inclined readers may even be overjoyed that the author does not leave Einar completely divested of his dreams.

The framework of this novel may cause some readers to recall James Hanley's "Boy." Only I seriously doubt if "Stokers' Mess" will ever become the *cause célèbre* that Hanley's novel did in the Thirties. This is to Mr. Skouen's advantage. Already the winner of the All-Scandinavia Novel Prize, "Stokers' Mess" may reach a wider audience for being so much less stark in its pursuit of evil below deck. In fact, Mr. Skouen does not go seeking evil out like Mr. Hanley but suggests that evil is an ubiquitous force that will be vanquished in the end by one as pure in heart as his adolescent messboy. Herein lies both the weakness and strength of the book.

There is poetic feeling, tenderness, and understanding in the scenes where the author penetrates that delicate web of childhood spun from the fanciful daydreams of a romantic boy. He captures the tremulous mood of adolescence with an unerring ear for the most subtle undertones, particularly in the opening chapters when Einar is on the beach overlooking the Indian Ocean, building sand castles, and conducting a mosquito orchestra. When sections of the book can be so effective, one can only register disappointment at those parts which fail to be altogether convincing. True, the author has set up a vivid scene of debauchery, with prostitutes, rum-swilling, brawling men, and rats swarming all over the ship, but it never quite comes off. Could it be that Mr. Skouen never really planned for us to look on Einar as having matured in a single night? Possibly what he implies here is that Einar's sort never actually grow up; they are always as young as their dreams and inner visions. The daydreaming Einar faces the new dawn a little less starry-eyed after an all-night brawl. Perhaps the past forty-eight hours have proved eventful for him after all. Only eight weeks out at sea, he has changed places with a boy of his own age on another ship bound for distant waters. But our last view of him is almost as if we were reliving those early scenes on the beach with him again; for frightened, yet eager to explore the strangeness of that other ship adventure-bound, he turns once more to those fabulous images that he has always been able to conjure up out of his imagination: ". . . Maybe the ship won't be strange after all. If you had a mosquito orchestra now, he thought, you would make it tune up all of its hundreds of strings as if for some great princely event."

Anyone familiar with Joran Birkeland's own idyllic pieces on Norway will appreciate the sensitivity with which she has rendered into English the more delicate moods of this tale.

Confused Quebecans

THE TOWN BELOW. By Roger Lemelin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 302 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE Town Below is the suburb of St. Sauveur, in the St. Maloesque Lower Town of Quebec, the exact scene being the Parish of St. Joseph. Its inhabitants are stirred by parochial jealousies, their knowledge of one another's private affairs is almost complete, their political interests narrow into class conflicts, and their attitude toward the Church—which seems to dominate every phase of life in the Parish—is often so latitudinarian as to appear shocking to the pious.

Although the novelist painstakingly draws for us a thorough picture of the suburb, "The Town Below" is not a novel of ideas but a story of confused young people yearning for adventure and love and direction in life. Of course no one lives in a vacuum, and his life pattern and fate are often determined by his environment: if Jean Colin, for example, had lived in the Upper Town, he would probably have received a physician's care when his knee was injured, but in the Lower Town the tradition of economy and of heroic endurance of pain is eventually responsible for his death. There is an occasional job at the Anglo-Saxon and there are some amusing echoes of class and political strife, but the novel is neither sociological nor local color.

The protagonists are two eighteen-year-old boys, who fight their way along the unhappy passage from adolescence to young manhood. Denis is a French-Canadian Liliom-tough, sentimental, egotistical, frequently inarticulate. His conduct is erratic, and his rudeness is sometimes inexplicable—and unconvincing. Jean is less complex, more ignorant, more affectionate and pathetic. The boys suffer because of conflicting loyalties—loyalties to each other, to their families, to the common object of their first romantic love. The novel starts rather sluggishly but finally achieves considerable emotional force as it moves to its touching climax.

In "The Town Below" St. Joseph's Parish is neither quaint nor picturesque. In fact there is an imperfectly concealed hatred of the place, its malicious gossip, its grime and ugliness, its obstinate resistance to all progress, its indifference towards education and beauty. It is no charming and exotic Vieux Carré of Quebec, although charabancs of gaping "foreigners" descend from the Upper Town, and the tourists throw pennies

(*Continued on page 27*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN
WILLIAM ROSE BENET
JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH

Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF MARY GOULD DAVIS
PAUL HENRY LANG DOUGLAS MOORE
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary

Contents Copyrighted, 1948, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Power of the Word

ONE OF the most perturbing conditions which confronts the world today is the fact that decisions must constantly be made which plunge society into a vicious circle. Disastrous experience has taught us that for a nation to be weak and unprepared is for it to court disaster—we have come a long way from the days when Theodore Roosevelt's advocacy of soft speech and the big stick could raise a storm of excitement. On the other hand, reason tells us — and psychological precept supports it—that fear itself is a precipitant of calamity and that constant insistence upon the probability of catastrophe is an active factor in bringing it to pass. The second Roosevelt proclaimed that it was only fear we had to fear. And here we are, with the legislators and the military debating the necessity of preparedness for war and the whole nation yearning for no war and desperately fearing the possibility of it. We are squarely astride a dilemma, for the debate that goes on in Congress—and necessarily goes on—rouses the fear which itself, by paralyzing confidence, weakens the hope for peace. And "fear, admitted into public councils, / Betrays like treason."

It is deplorable, no, tragic, that there should be so little acceptance on the part of the individual of his personal responsibility for peace. Unquestionably it is natural that, faced with the enormous problems, the confounding perplexities of today, the individual should feel himself powerless to influence the course of events. But he cannot afford to feel so. Nations—democracies, at least—are but the sum total of their members, and, in them, it is the pressure of the mass which in the long run shapes official attitude. Of the ideological climate of the nation its policies are born.

Therefore is it of such intense importance that speech be not only free but considered as well. It is axiomatic that no nation founded on right should deny to its people freedom to express all varieties of opinion. It is equally true that the guarantee of that right should invest government with the power to resist the effort to overthrow it. No one who cherishes the Anglo-Saxon tradition of free speech but will burn with indignation against the attempt to abrogate it no matter from what source it comes. It is the duty of the citizen of a republic to resist attack on it whether it come from individual, or group, or government itself.

But if this is true, it is equally true that freedom of speech imposes a special obligation. Talk that is ignorant, talk that is inconsequential, talk that is reckless can be tragically disastrous. Its possibilities for harm are incalculable. There rests on every man and woman in the country in this dark present a challenge to clear thinking and careful speaking. Where all is confused and combustible danger lurks in every counsel that leads to apathy or despondency. Peace can never be won by despair; it can only be maintained by the twin reliance on a wise preparedness and a determined confidence that it is attainable. To entertain the belief that war is inevitable is to be defeated before the battle is begun. It is unrealistic to close the mind to the possibility of war, but it is enormously hazardous to settle down to the expectation of it. Out of such fatalism grows defeatism. It is the attitude that brought France to disaster in the last war. It is the attitude which will increase the likelihood of another one.

It is horrifying to hear the loose talk which goes the rounds in all circles today. It is appalling to hear the young, so scorched and burned in the battle of which they were so recently a part, announcing their intention of seizing the passing day because tomorrow they will die. They may not really believe it—their young blood must belie what their lips proclaim—but they say it, and in the saying throw away youth's glorious impatience to remold the world. Alas, poor youth, it has fears that are denied the consolation of its elders—the remembrance of a world of peace which presents a backlog of hope, the faith that what once has been may again come to be.

But the elderly and the aged are all too often likewise at fault in their indiscretions. They at least should have won perspective from experience and come to know the ease with which national moods can be invoked, the overturns of which public opinion is capable, the far-reaching reforms which an informed and an aroused national temper can effect. If they have lost the fire of youth, presumably they have learned patience, that patience which will see some gain in the part if it cannot have the whole. It is the patience which inspired Churchill when the other day he summoned the free countries of Europe to build on a federation of sixteen nations until they could broaden it out into a federation of the world. It is a patience which should know the importance of the seemingly insignificant, which should realize on what small gains progress is built, which should know that it is incumbent on each individual to feel himself essential to the whole of society. What one man, young or old, says of war, or fear, or despair may matter little, but what each man added to the other says may mean the destruction or the salvation of the world. A. L.

To Artists Of Every Land

(A.D. 400: A.D. 1941)

By Evelyn Scott

O DESERT world, made bleak by fear and hate,
We are your ambushed, who know grief alone;
Like those lost Greeks whose sorrows gnawed the bone
In sea-bright solitudes, while, at the gate,
The Nubian war-cry ordained one blind fate
For all, and wither'd palms and sky to stone:
The ancient gods decayed, their works were gone!
Again, the Sphinx took Silence as her mate!

The painter of the Haz-Awarra school
Resigned, with freedom, the forbidden tool
Of art; and on this frontier of the brain,
The poet, wringing from his lyre, his pain,
Heard each star singing, swanlike, through the night,
The proscribed word his pangs released to flight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stacking Cards

SIR: The peculiar complaint that I have is the brief biography of Frank Altschul [*SRL* April 17] at the end of his review of "Toward World Peace" by Henry Wallace. You yourself become a propagandist when you state simply "author of 'Let No Wave Engulf Us,' is president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and director of the Council of Foreign Relations." But what is the daily occupation of Frank Altschul? Could it possibly be that he is a member of "the Street"? And if he is, I think your readers would like to know in whose hands the presidency of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and a directorship of the Council of Foreign Relations resides. You stacked the cards when you stated "president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation" but failed to give his business connections. That is what I call fighting dirty and below the level (supposed to be highly literary) of the editorship of *SRL*.

HORACE J. FULLER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *had little space to identify Mr. Altschul but no intent or need to propagandize. He is president and director of General American Investors Co., Wall Street.*

A Challenge

SIR: I'll match my irreligious, materialistic, state-subsidized education against anything Dreamer Weaver [*SRL* Apr. 10] cares to offer a young woman.

I'll stick to my emasculated friends with their "party-line" liberalism and their fatuous belief in the equality of man.

I'll stack up my particular bourgeois Joe against any lousy supertype, anytime, anyplace, no ideological holds barred.

And I'll bet that a guarantee of those tired old Four Freedoms to every individual on this crude earth would be a pretty worth-while step in the right direction.

To hell with Mr. Weaver's exquisite language.

CONSTANCE DAMON.

Tilton, N. H.

Thumbs Down

SIR: Seldom, if ever—even in your magazine—have I seen a reviewer reveal such a childishly sullen miscomprehension of the intentions of a book, of the meaning of courage, and of the nature of art as does Oliver Harrison, in his review of John Cobb's "The Gesture" [Mar. 13]. Well, now, what are we to think of Mr. Harrison's dismissal of the author's quite clear moral position by snarling that better men than he died in the war? There are so many things the man named Harrison needs to be told:

(1) Not only were there many good men killed in the war, but also many bad men and many in-between men. This Harrison might be amazed to observe the careless indiscrimination with which the ax falls, particularly when a heavy bomber carries ten men who may range the moral gamut from saint to jerk, with all intermediate stages, and whose selection for immortality depends not on their own skill or valor but on a delicately chaotic combination of an infinite number of factors beyond their or anybody's control.

(2) It is not feasible to fight a war and save the world, simultaneously. If any war is of any use —which I doubt—it is only as a means of securing the right to go on saving the world in your own way, after it is over. Playing with combinations of these two purposes is dangerously inefficient for the realization of either.

(3) It is infinitely more difficult to live like a hero than to die like one. Major Harris was capable of the latter but not of the former, because he did not know anything, *nor did he care to know anything,* about how human beings operate. You can die heroically as an individual; but you must live heroically in relationship to other people. This is terrifically important, for this reason: any man's ethic is suspect until he has proved himself as a human being, until he has achieved self-knowledge and, concomitantly, human understanding of his fellow men. Too many people of all sorts—Communists, reactionaries, Fascists, escapists, do-gooders, and other political immoderates—unconsciously select their ethic, whatever it may be, because of some psychic inadequacy. Obviously, this was true of Willie Turk; certainly it was equally true of Major Harris, though it seems to have escaped the man Harrison's attention, probably because it is true of him. Only for Cobb, and because of his last four words—"But am I saved?"—at which Harrison sneers so resoundingly, is there hope.

As long as I'm started, I may as well point out that one reason the man Harrison may be subject to his peculiar delusions is that the whole moral aroma of your magazine has come to be that of windy but vacuous "liberalism"; and its connection with literature has become more and more remote. If such irrelevancies as Trade Winds, Your Literary I.Q., Seeing Things, record supplements, cartoons, articles on radio, civil rights, the United Nations, and every other unrelated topic increase your circulation, I suppose you cannot be expected to attach any importance to my complaint; but you would favor me and the cause of truthfulness in the representation of a product by excising the last two words from the name of your magazine. Without checking back, I would be very surprised to find that you have printed half a dozen articles of any consequence on the subject of literature in the last year; and when you inaugurate a series of articles on "What's Wrong with American Literature" with one by Louis Bromfield, you stand self-revealed as being in utter ignorance of the appropriate decencies of criticism. There has been scarcely an intelligent word spoken in that whole series of articles, which is quite reasonable when you consider that no one with any slightest qualifications to be heard has been involved. For a wholly adequate summary of the sorely-abused subject, I commend you to old man Hemingway, as quoted in *Time* some time ago: "Good literature is very rare always."

ROBERT H. K. WALKER.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"It's an insult to Her Majesty's Navy. People will never stand for it!"

"Intrigue"

SIR: Let William Seifriz [LETTERS *SRL* Apr. 17] look up "intrigue" in "The American College Dictionary"—latest issue. He will find that *SRL* and "society women" (*his* designation) use the first meaning which disturbs him so greatly. His favorite use of the word does not rate until fifth place and thereafter.

HELEN B. NESBITT.

Clearwater, Fla.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas and Studies.

Pitirim Alexandrovitch Sorokin, often referred to as the "bad boy" of American sociology, has since 1930 been alternately thrilling and shocking his student audiences at Harvard. Once secretary to the Prime Minister in the Russia of 1917, Sorokin was condemned to death and finally banished by the Soviets in 1922, an experience which may have sharpened his awareness of the evils of society as constituted, and the need for a new approach. His analyses of our sick society, started as early as 1921 with the two-volume "System of Sociology," written in Russian, culminated with his massive four-volume "Social and Cultural Dynamics" (1937-41) and last year's "Society, Culture, and Personality" (SRL Sept. 27). The latter summarized Sorokin's entire view of systematic sociology; the present volume which is reviewed below applies his theories to "The Reconstruction of Humanity."

We Must Reform

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF HUMANITY. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Boston: The Beacon Press. 1948. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSHTON COULBORN

THE MESSAGE of this book can be put shortly thus: we must reform our culture, our society, and ourselves; we have to tackle all three at once and re-orient them altruistically toward a supersensory, superrational absolute. If there is any novelty in this, it arises out of Mr. Sorokin's belief that history proceeds in successive phases in each one of which there is

> major culture [which], with its social institutions, is not a mere conglomeration of diverse cultural and social phenomena, unrelated to one another causally and meaningfully, but in its greater and most important part . . . represents a unity or major system whose components are permeated by the same fundamental principle and articulate the same basic value.

There are two main kinds of these major cultures ("socio-cultural supersystems" is the less merciful technical term Sorokin uses on occasion), the "ideational," and the "sensate" and, as one gives place historically to the other, there is sometimes a transitional "idealistic" culture. In an ideational culture the basic value is absolute truth and goodness, and in a sensate culture it is the world, the flesh, and ultimately the devil. Since we are now utterly sensate, we are rapidly going to the devil and must forthwith become ideational or idealistic if we are to be saved. We, our society, and our culture are examined in the book and the damnation offered is good enough, though not better perhaps than in most similar sermons. The question raised by the book is, of course, the validity of the constructive criticism.

Mr. Sorokin's work is akin to that of Toynbee, Spengler, Northrop, and, possibly, Kroeber, but, as usual in Sorokin's more recent books, there is a passage which announces that his is better than theirs. The large meaning of all this work is that men are trying to get control of their societies, by means of understanding them, in order to direct them. Whether they can do so will not be answerable unless and until they do, but the enterprise is, beyond all question, in the highest degree noble. It is, in fact, worth asking whether its nobility cannot be, if it comes to permeate our higher culture, a sufficient ideal for our regeneration. If we can begin to understand our societies as we already understand physical and biological nature, have we not something to live for? Such a proposition is at any rate worth offering as an alternative to Sorokin's absolutism, a formula which has undergone too great a destruction at the hands of modern philosophers to be resuscitated.

It is, in fact, resort to such old terminology as this which undermines confidence in Sorokin. And his own new terminology, of which a few specimens are given above, reminds the reader that the sublime is often in danger of becoming ridiculous. His methodology too simply reflects that of physical science which deals with far cruder stuff than societies and cultures. Did not an earlier simplistic attempt to adapt "science" to social problems lead on to the present experiment in Russia? And did not Spengler, with whom Sorokin admits kinship, prove an inspiration to Hitler, who claimed to be sublime, but first looked ridiculous and then became diabolic? Sorokin's demand for reforming our culture, our society, and ourselves—for total reform—has a familiar ring.

And yet I doubt profoundly that every new gospel which is totalitarian is for that reason to be rejected. There are plenty of signs that mankind cannot be securely launched into the atomic age without undergoing a total, even a totalitarian, change. And any exploration of history with the aid which such a thinker as, say, Toynbee or Bergson can give must convince the explorer that man has only escaped earlier great perils by changing himself in a total way. The trouble is that, so far in our generation, we have heard only false gospels, while those in whom we may feel some confidence, the Toynbees and the Kroebers, think they are merely beginning to understand society. It is difficult, therefore, to regard Mr. Sorokin, who is so sure he is better than they, whose methods are as naively "scientific" as earlier methods, whose words are so often repugnant to common sense, as more than a very minor or perhaps even a dangerous prophet.

Rushton Coulborn, long identified with Arnold J. Toynbee in England, is chairman of the department of history at Atlanta (Ga.) University.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 257

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 257 will be found in the next issue.

PA PW CSZ RTLC AZF GZTHL

GKN STDZW'C QPLBTHQZQ T

ETYKH KOPWPKW KH

TBXNPHZQ T WZF KWZ,

PWDZLCPUTCZ TWQ LZZ PA

GKN'HZ WKC UHKFPWU

LZWPRZ.

UZRZCC VNHUZLL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 256

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Higher Education in Deutschland

THE ABUSE OF LEARNING: The Failure of the German University. By Frederic Lilge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 184 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by FELIX GILBERT

THE TITLE of this book suggests that the reader will be enlightened about charlatans, astrologers, and quacks, but indicates only very remotely and broadly the serious scholarly problem which the author tries to analyze. Not even the subtitle "The Failure of the German University" gives a precise definition of the contents of the book; its last two chapters only are concerned with the penetration of Nazism into the universities; the book is in the main a serious scholarly history of the development of German educational ideas during the nineteenth century.

Fifty years ago, three or four volumes would have been considered hardly sufficient for such an enterprise. To compress the story of this development into 180 pages is a difficult undertaking; to have done this, within such brief compass, clearly, comprehensively, and interestingly, deserves high praise.

Of course, it is possible to find fault with details and to dispute some of the author's evaluations. The reviewer regrets, for instance, that the author neglected to state that August Boeckh, Germany's greatest modern classical philologist, was not only the author of a work on "The Public Economy of the Athenians," but also of the brilliant "Encyclopedia," an attempt to summarize the achievements of the whole classical civilization; Mr. Lilge would then have avoided the erroneous judgment that Boeckh's "sole interest was in the empirical reconstruction of antiquity, not in its educational values." Or one could have wished that Mr. Lilge had abstained from the traditional praise of Ranke's historical objectivity at the expense of the "biased" political historians, Mommsen and Droysen, as the perspective of time has certainly modified this characterization; Ranke has emerged as more biased and the political historians as more objective than had previously been assumed. It seems necessary to direct attention to these distortions because there is danger that, because of its very excellence, the book might be taken for more than for what it is intended—for a general intellectual history of Germany instead of a survey of the development of educational ideas. Many thinkers, who are here judged on the basis of their contribution to educational life, would appear in a somewhat different light if their general contribution to intellectual life were to be gauged. But if one keeps in mind that the book is concerned only with one of the threads, out of which the intellectual fabric is woven —higher education—, it is excellent.

The story clearly reveals some extremely important facts frequently overlooked in discussions of German university life: for instance, the role of the natural sciences. In a chapter, fittingly entitled "The Idolatry of Science," Mr. Lilge explains that the philosophy of German idealism, which dominated the regeneration of German universities at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was so entirely averse to the methods and interests of the natural sciences that they could gain a place for themselves only after a bitter fight against the dominating philosophical trends. This gap between traditional philosophy and the natural sciences was never bridged, *Geisteswissenschaften* and *Naturwissenschaften* remained separate, the natural sciences evolved a crudely materialistic philosophy of their own, and with the industrialization of Germany and the triumphs of the technical age, this crude materialism became a strong influence in the German universities during the second part of the nineteenth century, at a time when the outsider believed the universities were still chiefly cultivating the traditions of humanism and idealism.

Another important factor, rightly stressed by Mr. Lilge, is the role which modern irrationalism played in the German universities after the beginning of the twentieth century. It is an oversimplification to regard the shameful surrender of the German universities to the Nazis simply as proof of the weakness of an educational concept in which the chief emphasis is laid on scholarship and research. These values had been undermined long before the Nazis came to power; the Nazis only completed the triumph of anti-intellectualism, of intuitive and mythological concepts of scholarship.

Yet this self-surrender of the German intelligentsia cannot be explained simply in terms of a clash of ideas. The one fundamental criticism to be raised against Mr. Lilge's book is his lack of any indication that this clash was only one factor explaining the weak resistance of the universities against the Nazis. The outcome and the nature of this struggle of ideas can be fully understood only within the broader framework of an analysis of the social function of the universities. The German universities were more than institutions devoted to research and the education of scholars, they played a role in the political and social life of Germany, they were instruments of the ruling classes. The students came exclusively from the middle classes, primarily the upper middle classes, and the universities patterned the outlook of these classes according to the interest of the existing political system. The penetration of irrationalism into the universities is intimately connected with the progressive weakening of the position of the middle classes in the German social structure, when a purely rational defense of the predominance of these groups in political and social life had become more and more difficult. Mr.

"I telephoned . . . they said someone must have given you a gift subscription."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lilge hardly touches upon these sociological factors. This results not only in a somewhat distorting truncation of the historical picture, but leads to what I consider a misjudgment of the present situation.

Mr. Lilge is very well aware of the extremely difficult situation which exists at present at the German universities, of the continued strength of traditionalism and nationalism. He states that academic life in Germany today is "a ghostly and unreal affair"; "the universities operate, it is true, but they cannot be said to educate in the sense that this hour of history demands." Despite such gloomy observations, he remains hopeful, however, and his optimism is chiefly based on sensible and courageous statements of a few individual professors. If Mr. Lilge had taken sociological factors into account, he would have realized that such voices will remain voices crying in the wilderness as long as the social basis of the universities is unchanged. The impact of new ideas will remain limited and will evaporate because the exclusively middle class character of the universities has remained intact. To have remodeled the surface of education and not to have laid stronger and broader foundations, is one of the most tragic failures of our occupation policy in Germany.

Forces Hostile to Man

CAUSES OF CATASTROPHE. By L. Don Leet. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 232 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

AWARDED a publisher's prize, selected by two small but presumably discriminating book clubs, this volume is definitely pushed forward as an outstanding example of what our publishers and scientists can do at the essential work of presenting science to the intelligent public. High standards thus seem to be demanded of the reviewer; here should be a book to meet rigorous tests. Actually, however, although the book has many good qualities, I find it far from attaining any very high level.

First of all, the title misleadingly suggests that the book covers a great deal more than it really does. You will find here, for example, nothing about blizzards, tornadoes, droughts, or pestilences. To palliate this inaccuracy a descriptive qualification has been added on the title-page, although not on the spine, the half-title, or the copyright-page. We are thus somewhat inadequately told that the book is limited to four kinds of catastrophe, *viz:* earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, and hurricanes.

Even as thus limited, however, the book shows illogicality and lack of proportion. Earthquakes, volcanoes, and tidal waves form a unified and often interrelated group. But hurricanes are atmospheric. And if hurricanes are admitted, how then can the other very closely related atmospheric causes of catastrophe be properly omitted? Moreover, the single chapter on hurricanes is so brief as to seem scarcely more than an afterthought, and nearly half of its space is devoted (the author is a resident of Massachusetts) to the two recent New England hurricanes.

Although I know nothing about the genesis of the book, I would guess that the author, a seismologist, first wrote an authoritative work upon his speciality, that is, earthquakes and their related phenomena. Later someone may have suggested that the book would have a wider appeal if it were slanted so as to take advantage of the natural human interest in catastrophe, broadened in scope a little, and presented under an all-inclusive title.

And here's another slug! Haven't scientific writers or their publishers ever heard of even the first of that school-boy trilogy—unity, coherence, and emphasis? This book, for instance, devotes six pages to explaining the international date line, and inserts pedantic instructions on how to pronounce Japanese place names.

The book then boils down to being an authoritative and moderately readable book on earthquakes, volcanoes, and tidal waves, especially as forces hostile to man, with an appendix on hurricanes. The author is seismologist in charge of the Harvard Seismograph Station. He considers both the past history of his subject and the most recent theories. He presents in vivid fashion some actual scenes of great catastrophes, such as that of the Japanese earthquake of September 1, 1923, and that of the destruction of St. Pierre by the eruption of Mt. Pelée on May 8, 1902.

To anyone wishing such a book, "Causes of Catastrophe" may be highly recommended. But the potential reader should not look forward to something wider in scope, or expect this volume to represent a fine flower of American scientific writing.

George R. Stewart, professor of English at the University of California, is author of "Storm," "Names on the Land," and "Fire."

19th-Century Thought

THE RUSSIAN IDEA. By Nicolas Berdyaev. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 255 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HARCAVE

THIS is a serious work of potential merit, but its merits are obscured by a labored style and faulty construction. It is verbose and rambling; paragraphs, apparently organized on a free-association scheme, run on to eight pages. Understanding is made difficult not so much by the complexity of thought as by the opaqueness of expression. To be sure, Berdyaev has chosen an estimable theme, the reflection of the spirit of Russia in nineteenth-century thought. Intellectually the greatest of Russian ages, the nineteenth century has been neglected in the English language. Berdyaev has, however, missed the chance to fill the void.

His quest takes him to many of the great Russian figures of the nineteenth and early twentieth century: Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Chernishevsky, Herzen, Belinsky, and Chaadaev. Their attitudes toward various facets of the Russian spirit, social justice, the problem of authority, the role of the individual, and the place of religion are considered. Throughout the analysis there appears the author's conception of the spirit of Russia. This spirit —or, as he puts it, "the thought of the Creator about Russia"— is religious rather than clerical, humanitarian rather than humanist, anthropocentric rather than property-centered. He points out that the Russian experience has, however, been discontinuous, with many a backslide and sideslip; but Russia will in time find its true path.

Contemporary Russia is, he believes, an expression of one facet of the Russian spirit, the striving for social justice. In time there will grow out of the present Russia a synthesis, the New Jerusalem, in which the good of Communist Russia will be found without the bad.

Berdyaev says of himself:

> In many respects, some of them very serious, I have remained and I remain a lonely figure; I represent the extreme left in the Russian religious philosophy of the time of the Renaissance, but I have not lost and I do not wish to lose my links with the Orthodox Church.

His is a very exclusive club these days; his approach, that of a lay religious philosopher, influenced by Hegel, Nietzsche, and the Slavophiles, is rather precious not only for American thought but for non-Soviet Russian thinking as well.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

OUTSIDE GUNTHER

IN HOLLYWOOD it would cause no surprise. I mean the course followed by Arthur Schwartz in purchasing the title "Inside U.S.A."* and then producing a revue which has no more connection with John Gunther's book than the Mayflower Hotel in Washington has with the original *Mayflower*.

Unless they appear in the society columns, titles are not taken too seriously on the West Coast. Those belonging to books or plays can be dealt with lightly. They are paid for—through the nose. Then, if catchy in a Kinsey way, they are sometimes slapped on a brand-new plot. Or, if lacking that appeal, discarded, regardless of their cost or prestige, so that "The Admirable Crichton" bobs up as "Male and Female." Although Broadway may not be more literary, it is usually much more frugal.

No one can deny that "Inside U.S.A." is a good title. It is easy to pronounce and hard to forget. It defines its subject in short and snappy terms, and arouses its definite expectations. Even translators would not have difficulties with it. Certainly no Frenchman, if asked to turn it into his liquid and lovely language, could do to it what the Parisian adapter did to Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift" when he translated it as "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour."

But, excellent as "Inside U.S.A." is as a title for Mr. Gunther's report, when borrowed for Mr. Schwartz's revue it is not without its disadvantages. At least it is not for the hundreds of thousands who have read, looked through, lifted, or heard about Mr. Gunther's book. At the New Century his volume must be forgotten entirely. That takes time. Not as much time, however, as getting rid of the theatrical hopes raised by such a title.

No one expected "Inside U.S.A." to be—God forbid!—a dramatization of Mr. Gunther's opus. Yet what I did expect, and what I'll bet Mr. Schwartz at the outset expected too, is that behind the footlights "Inside U.S.A." would be a tour of the country conducted in terms of sharply satiric sketches.

It starts off as if it meant to be just that. But soon thereafter the journey upon which it embarks turns out to be so hit or miss an affair that not even a lecture manager would have booked it that way. Pittsburgh, Miami Beach, Churchill Downs, Chillicothe, Rhode Island, San Francisco, Massachusetts, Indiana, Wisconsin, New Orleans, Manhattan, Wyoming, Chicago, and Albuquerque are all on the itinerary. At any rate they are all there by name, though often only that. In general, any other resemblance between the place visited and the sketch in which it is mentioned is purely coincidental. That is, unless you are willing to concede Rhode Island's sole claim to fame is Estelle Loring to whom Jack Haley sings "Rhode Island Is Famous for You." Or that there is nothing funny about Massachusetts except the mermaids not to be found there.

To point out that "Inside U.S.A." is outside Gunther, and fails signally as a state-by-state, city-by-city satire of this country, is not to say that it does not hold its own rewards. As a revue —a straight revue—it is well above the average and has much to offer. Only an ingrate or a sufferer from acidosis of the esprit could deny that. It is glossy in its feel, professional in its touch, and, save for so dull a number as the one built around the Kentucky Derby, has that shiny, sateened look of Broadway in one of its more opulent moods. Although as written most of its sketches may not be inspired, as played some of them seem to be so. Why not? Like all true comedians, Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley are magicians, too.

It is a little late in the day to say that Beatrice Lillie is a genius. Reiteration, however, can be as serviceable in the cause of truth as Goebbels knew it to be in the interest of lies. Among the underprivileged of the earth are those who have not seen her.

Every revue and every musical in which Miss Lillie appears always suffers from one fault. She must rest sometimes. She cannot appear in every number. And every number in which she does not appear is bound to seem either an interruption or a letdown, if not both. No comedienne has ever been trimmer or, in appearance at any rate, more immaculate than she is. She is incapable of being disguised. No costume can deprive her of her style. Wearing an evening gown, or even when dressed as an Indian or a mermaid, she has the tailored look.

With one lifted finger or one raised eyebrow she can do more damage than a policeman with his nightstick. She fights dignity with its own weapons, and routs it. A Kelvinator could not be cooler; a fox terrier more alert. No caricaturist, bent over his drafting board, can mock pretentiousness with fewer or surer lines. The truth is that in her own person, so ladylike hence so incongruous, she is a perfect caricature come to life.

—*Ed Carswell-Graphic House.*

"In 'Inside U.S.A.' Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley crowd the United States right off the map."

IN "Inside U.S.A." is Miss Lillie asked to do several things reminiscent of what she has done before? I find this a cause for rejoicing, not complaining. The adage may protest against too much of a good thing, but the proof of its wisdom is that it raises no objections to overexposure to the best. And Miss Lillie is the best; the undisputed, the matchless best, and the deftest of female zanies.

Miss Lillie gravely stomping time as a choral leader in "Peettsburgh;" Miss Lillie as a Chillicothe moviegoer who dreams that in old Vienna she is the inspiration of Chopin, Liszt, and Tchaikovsky; Miss Lillie perched high on a rock as a mermaid and describing herself as a "sea-cow named desire"; Miss Lillie spoofing the chorus boys as a queen of the Mardi Gras; Miss Lillie as a Hopi squaw refusing, with Big-Chief Haley, to take the United States back from the Americans; above all, Miss Lillie as a leading lady's gloomy maid, prophesying a flop on an opening night, in Moss Hart's hilarious "Just Off Broadway"

**INSIDE U.S.A., a new musical revue. Lyrics and music by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Sketches by Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold B. Horwitt. Dances staged by Helen Tamiris. Sketches directed by Robert H. Gordon. Production designed by Lemuel Ayers. Costumes by Eleanor Goldsmith and Castillo. Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett. Presented by Mr. Schwartz. With a cast including Beatrice Lillie, Jack Haley, Valerie Bettis, Herb Shriner, etc. At the New Century.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SOMETHING FOR YOU TO SEE AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE."—Gibbs, N. Yorker
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY—CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"ALL TRIUMPHANT!"—Barnes, Her. Trib.
ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

"An enormously enjoyable musical"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ presents
BEATRICE LILLIE JACK HALEY
IN THE NEW MUSICAL REVUE
Inside U.S.A.
Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Dances & Musical Numbers by HELEN TAMIRIS
"Inside U.S.A." suggested by John Gunther's book
CENTURY 7 Ave. at 59 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

—each and all of these provide moments to enjoy and memories to treasure.

Mr. Haley is no slouch as a comedian either. Though he really does not resemble a John Held drawing, Mr. Haley always makes me think of one. I suppose the reason for this is that, in spite of the passing years, there is something about him which remains irrepressibly collegian, and collegian of my vintage. Mr. Haley's is an ingratiating personality, as bright as a Duco finish. His is an agreeable singing voice, too. And, as Miss Lillie's Hopi husband, as a traveler seeking rest in a hotel bedroom filled with supposedly sleep-inducing gadgets, or as a headwaiter instructing other waiters in the fine art of annoying the people they serve, he has materials worthy of him.

As should by now be clear, in "Inside U.S.A." Miss Lillie and Mr. Haley crowd the United States right off the map. The show is theirs. Without them, and without an amazing new dancer, Valerie Bettis, it would not be much of a show. But with them it supplies a highly diverting evening, once you forget John Gunther's book and the inviting possibilities of a revue which really satirized the United States.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Coming June 7th
HAROLD LASKI'S
THE
American Democracy
The product of thirty years of Laski's thinking, this 800-page volume is one of the most important books ever written about the United States. Place your order now with your bookseller.
THE VIKING PRESS $6.50

New Stages, Inc. presents JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE • 48th St. E. of B'way • CI 5-4289
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:45 (No Perf. Mon.) Mats. Sat. & Sun.

PLAN YOUR VACATION
Through SRL's
"Booked For Travel"

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
A completely captivating musical romance . . .
Judy GARLAND • Gene KELLY
— IN —
"THE PIRATE"
WALTER SLEZAK
Gladys COOPER • Reginald OWEN
Songs by
COLE PORTER
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Directed by Vincente Minnelli
Produced by Arthur Freed
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
— • —
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"ON THE BEAM" — Dazzling, melody-filled spectacle produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . starring Patricia Bowman . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club. Music Hall Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alexander Smallens.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St, W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave. & 54th St. Eves. Incl. Sunday 8:30
Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3:00. No Monday Perf.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to scrambling young Mulots. Domestic life is almost completely without grace, it is gritty with bickering, harsh accusation, petty dishonesty. Only in time of great affliction do the Mulots and Soyeux shed meannesses and show any grandeur of spirit.

This first novel (by the manager of a Quebec lumber company) is undoubtedly partly autobiographical, and like many another first novel deals with a young man writing his first novel. (That Denis could write a novel is hardly credible.) In its original French version "The Town Below" became an immediate and controversial bestseller in Canada. One would surmise that the controversy arose not only from the unflattering picture of the Lower Town, but also from the attitude toward the Church. The book is not directly anticlerical or hostile, but it pokes gentle fun at shrines and miracles, seminarians, money-raising contrivances, dull sermons, etc. Most objectionable, perhaps, is the complete absence in family or community life of any Christian or humane influence of the teachings of the Church.

A Slick Toughie

NEVER LOVE A STRANGER. By Harold Robbins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 443 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. ROBBINS writes with a harsh vitality. His novel—about the amazing career of a tough-skinned New York character from orphanage to bullet-proof limousine—never lacks for force or interest. Mr. Robbins has been around. He has seen a lot of things, and remembers them vividly enough to run them through 400 pages without ever suggesting monotony. Yet his book is irritating because of its peculiar pretensions. It is sub-titled "A Novel of Passion and Struggle" and it seems to suggest, from the very outset, that it is going to come to grips with some of the grimmest, some of the primary problems of life in the big city. Frankie Kane, a tough kid, a foundling, shuttling around among Catholic orphanage, parochial school, and poolroom job, is the focal point. From there we proceed with him outward in all directions; before we have gone very far Frankie has made contact with one of the town's master racketeers, he has discovered that his parents were Jewish and lived for a time with some relatives on Washington Heights, he has run away to Baltimore and become, of all things, a bouncer in a bawdy house, he has done a term of duty in the Navy, he has dabbled at the fringe of socialist agitation and been in at the death of a martyr, he has made and lost friends, found and taken and tossed away all the varieties of love, and he has reached his destined niche of power as a dominant organizer of incorporated rackets, New York's Enemy Number One!

All of this, unreeled before us in the sober and self-conscious accents of realism, while all the time we are increasingly aware that it isn't real or realistic at all, that it is a modern variety of false-face to cover what is at core a piece of slick drug-store fiction. The trappings are those of the social novel, but the values are those of pulp, and the irritation I have mentioned grows out of this mismating. Why the elaborate build-up? Frankie Kane is a slick toughie with a heart of stone, irresistible to all ladies sacred or profane and victorious over all males. Passion and Struggle? The only struggle here is the one to give Frankie a social significance. Hammett and Cain and Burnett know better than to do that, and they know more about passion, too. Frankie's meetings with robust females remind me too much of Perelman's piece: "Somewhere a Roscoe. . . ."

I don't mean to be as derogatory as all of this may sound. As I have said, Robbins' writing is strong, his pace varied, and his invention admirable. I say his novel isn't realistic or important because it lacks vision and purpose, because it slithers across anything that might turn out to be serious (like religion, like the prostitutes, like love, like socialism, all of which are turned up and then over like cards) and makes a strong play for such nonsense as the business about Frankie Kane, Enemy Number One, and his duel with the D. A. (his old friend, too!). This is strictly for Alan Ladd.

Royal Refugees

I THEE WED. By Gilbert W. Gabriel. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE AFFAIRS of the diamond necklace, that never fully-disentangled scandalous court intrigue on the eve of the French Revolution, has, over the past hundred and fifty years, generated a goodly number of stories. And the great tribulations of the aristocratic French émigrés of the early 1790's have—down to the "Scarlet Pimpernel"—fired the imagination of uncounted writers. Now Mr. Gabriel has combined these two well-proven subjects, bringing to this task the fruit of what seems to be much research. He has produced a readable novel. What makes it even interesting is the authentic story of Azylum, Pennsylvania, a village built by a group of royalist refugees and some Americans who took pity on them, and which included what is said to have been the largest log cabin ever constructed, a sanctuary that had been planned for Marie Antoinette herself.

Few biographers of the hapless queen contend that the hopes of her loyal friends to bring her to America ever went beyond the stage of wistful plotting and day dreaming. But Mr. Gabriel, taking it further, has spun a by no means incredible yarn, deftly mixing it with a new version of the life story of Marie Antoinette's double, that girl who—innocently, as both the French court and most historians decided—had a part in the affairs of the diamond necklace. The hero (and later husband) at hand is a likable Scotch-American war veteran by the name of Alan Ruff, who holds his own in France as well as on the Susquehanna, not least with the help of his faithful orderly and friend.

Alan Ruff does a good job as the narrator of the present tale. Perhaps there is a little bit too much perfumed court life corruption and "gay Paree" on the one hand and too much plain-spoken republicanism on the other to make the book a really well-balanced novel, and the role allotted to the famous Count Fersen seems more than a trifle overdone. Yet compared to some of the historical formula romances high up on our bestseller list, "I Thee Wed" is a fairly serious book.

It represents an attempt to re-enact a fantastic episode by richly embroidering it, but also tries to give some meaning to the adventures of the French noblemen in the American wilderness.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Perhaps the most outspoken autobiography since Rousseau's confessions."
—Sterling North, N. Y. Post

Max Eastman's

Enjoyment of Living

By the author of
ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER

"A piece of literary craftsmanship... beautifully sustained throughout."—**Granville Hicks, *Saturday Review of Literature*.**

"This remarkable case history of a Marxian infection—how it was contracted, how it developed and was cured—contains one of the most fascinating accounts of the sex behavior of the human male that ever got into print."—**Burton Rascoe.**

"Enjoyable as a picture of a part of the American scene and as the candid revelation of a personality . . . full of beauty and charm and humor."—***N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.***

With 15 pages of illustrations and cartoons from ***The Masses***

At all bookstores • $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

Music. *Fifteen years ago Norton published a book called "From Bach to Stravinsky." The very title may have outraged many at the time who had never considered bracketing any "modern" composer with Bach. But, gradually, Russian-born Stravinsky has come to be accepted today as a major composer fully equal to any in the past. . . . It is heartening in these tense days to note how many of the favorite composers are Russian: not only older composers like Tchaikovsky and Musorgsky, but also contemporaries like Shostakovich, Khatchaturian, and Prokofieff. Although Stravinsky has lived most of his life in France, a comparison of his earlier music with that of Musorgsky makes clear his link with the Russian tradition. . . . "The Musorgsky Reader" (below) is the second in a distinguished Norton series which has included Bach and Schubert.*

Slavic Musical Phenomena

STRAVINSKY. By Eric Walter White. New York: Philosophical Library. 1948. 192 *pp.* $3.75.

THE MUSORGSKY READER: A Life of Modeste Petrovich Musorgsky in Letters and Documents. Edited and translated by Jay Leyda and Sergei Bertensson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1947. 474 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ABRAHAM VEINUS

AMONG contemporary composers, it cannot be said that Stravinsky has suffered any conspicuous neglect. His music has been well and frequently performed and recorded, and he has been graced by an articulate group of admirers whose missionary work on his behalf now comprises a substantial bibliography in a variety of languages. Mr. White's recent study is a modest and readable essay composed (to borrow a phrase from Schumann) ten paces away from his subject in order not to praise him too warmly to his face.

The modicum of critical evaluation with which Mr. White leavens his admiration for an acknowledged master is all to the good; and the lay reader, at least, will find his summary of Stravinsky's work (musical and literary) a convenience. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. White is sometimes content (as in the section on the "Musical Poetics") with merely a summary of material already more fully and as readily available elsewhere. It is difficult not to expect of him (even presuming that he had only the general reader in mind) an attempt at analysis and evaluation. Nor even from the point of view of the general reader is his constant failure to develop any sort of historical, social, or cultural context as a framework for Stravinsky's thinking and creating at all justifiable. Minus such a frame of reference the consequences of Stravinsky's music upon the work of others cannot be grappled with and is almost of necessity omitted. The sources of Stravinsky's art and esthetics, and the resemblances between certain of his surface mannerisms to seemingly similar procedures in Eliot and Picasso, are treated unfortunately on a rather superficial level.

In brief, although Mr. White has been workmanlike in his study of the scores, and while his prose is tastefully modest in tone, his is a study in a vacuum. At this late date, with so much of "modern" music, so-called, already in perspective, this constitutes a near fatal limitation. However kindly disposed he may be to his subject, he can scarcely exhibit the fulness of Stravinsky's stature from so limited a vantage point.

It may be supposed that there is some profound purpose behind so restricted a study, but this illusion is soon dispelled; for upon the few occasions when the author ventures beyond his cataloguing of chord juxtapositions, tonal centers, etc., and his itemization of scenario details, the results are distressing. His discussion, for example, of the distinction between classical and romantic music is still anchored smugly in a few Victorian cliches quoted from Fillmore's "History of Pianoforte Music" (1885).

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 738)

E. M. FRIEDWALD:
MAN'S LAST CHOICE

Today our civilization is faced with the . . . challenge to make a great leap forward by taking the first step towards a world government. There is no lack of ability to meet the challenge. All that is needed is the will to attempt it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is surprising, to say the least, that a presumably knowledgeable musician should still rest satisfied with the form and content, intellect and emotion antithesis which is by now suspect even in a college freshman lecture on music appreciation. Stravinsky's own notion about classicism (quoted by White a few lines above his excerpt from Fillmore) makes a good deal more sense. It is a pity White did not leave well enough alone. Elsewhere such *ad hoc* improvements on Stravinsky profit the reader even less. Thus Stravinsky simply observes that his choral work, "The King of the Stars," has not been performed because of the "complexity of the choral writing as regards intonation." But White must have it that Stravinsky's "involved harmonic researches" produce results "so transcendental as to defy performance." Apart from adding nothing at all to Stravinsky's simple explanation, this needlessly raises such unanswerable and uninteresting questions as what transcendentalism in music is, how it is to be detected, and why its presence in a score necessarily renders that score unperformable. Fortunately, such aimless phrase-making is infrequent, and on the whole the style of the book is decent if undistinguished.

A sense of disappointment must inevitably attend the reading of so narrowly conceived a work on so arresting a musical phenomenon as Stravinsky. Yet in all fairness to the author those readers who desire information rather than enlightenment will find his book a serviceable guide. It is a quiet performance written with discretion rather than with enthusiasm or profundity.

* * *

FEW OF the arresting and significant figures in nineteenth-century music stand so much in need of a full-length biographical, historical, and stylistic study as Musorgsky. His genius and originality are self-evident; but, despite the efforts of a handful of valiant and conscientious biographers, the personality of this elegant and aristocratic young Guards officer, who combined the most affected kind of attitude-striking with the profoundest feeling for the humiliations of the common people, and who eventually made that painful and obscure departure into the recesses of a Dostoievskian underworld, has never been clearly in focus for the English-reading public. And while we have all been more or less familiar with the generalities of the Russian nationalist movement of which Musorgsky was a part, the ideological cross-currents that pervaded all phases of Russian cultural life during the second half of the last century still remain to be charted in detail for the American reader.

It can scarcely be expected, at this time, that any single volume in English can definitively close these large and difficult areas of investigation. But the present books—containing Musorgsky's letters (hitherto available only in scattered excerpts and often in imperfect translation) as well as a selected collation of related documents — help lay the groundwork for a more precise understanding of many of the problems involved. For one thing, both the musical mechanics and the psychology of nationalism emerge in the round through Musorgsky's thinking and feeling on these subjects. (The "Reader" is less helpful in its documentation of social backgrounds.) Musorgsky's study of the types of humanity of whom he rendered so realistic and moving an account in his songs and operas is plainly revealed, as is the importance of his setting of Gogol's "Marriage" (a preliminary work to "Boris") in which he sought to capture in music the "delicate and capricious shades" of human speech, to render character through the "intonations of the human voice," to discover a direct musical equivalent for the rhythms and intonations of Russian prose. Musorgsky's understanding of what he called the "historic tasks" of the composer

All the magic of Cathay gleams in this romance of Old China— one of PEARL BUCK'S finest!

THE JUNE SELECTION OF THE LITERARY GUILD

Peony

by

Pearl S. Buck

Pageantry, passion, and Pearl Buck's deep understanding of human hopes and needs make this novel of a lovely Chinese bondmaiden a notable story of universal appeal.

At all bookstores • $3.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4 NEW FINGERPRINT MYSTERIES

Exciting plots — action-packed — believable — well written

CATS HAVE TALL SHADOWS

by D. B. OLSEN
author of "Widows Ought to Weep"

The irrepressible elderly-maiden spinster sleuth, Rachael Murdock, explains with difficulty what she was doing in the murdered man's bedroom. $2.50

MICHAEL SHAYNE'S TRIPLE MYSTERY

by BRETT HALLIDAY

Generous triple-value offering of robust Mike Shayne murder, mayhem and smart sleuthing. Three complete, hard-hitting, suspenseful stories at $2.50.

Sinister Street

A Quinny Hite Mystery
by RICHARD BURKE

Quinny Hite is the right kind of private eye to untangle this lively mix-up of playwrights, black-mail, strip-teasers, jewel thievery and murder. $2.50

the BLEEDING SCISSORS

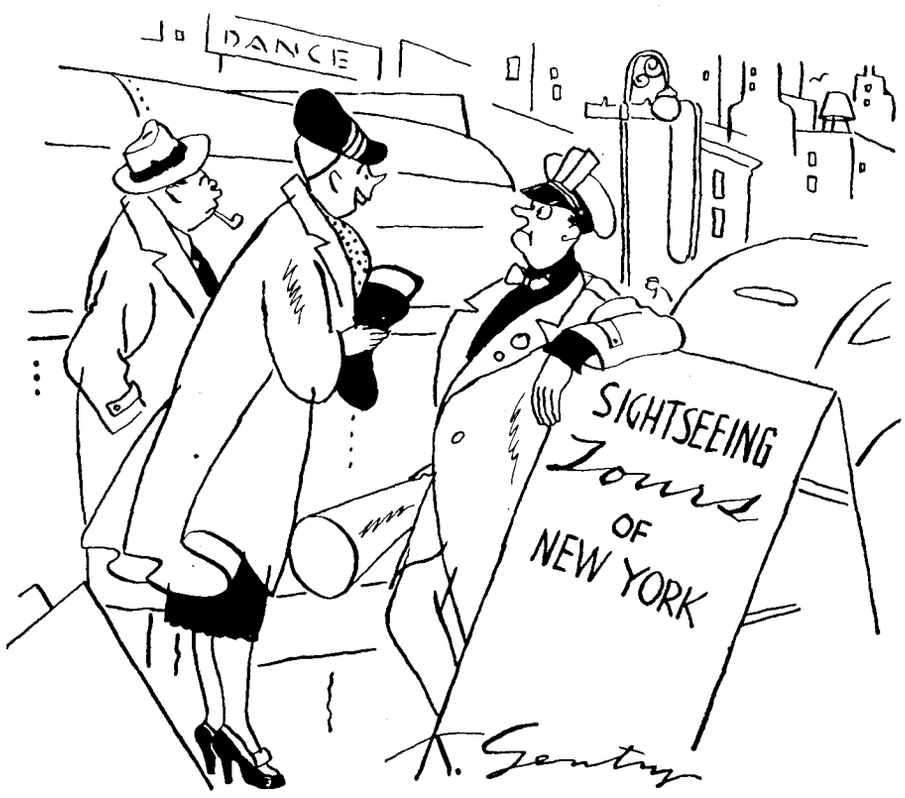
by BRUNO FISCHER
author of "More Deaths Than One"

What did a play called "The Virgin Mistress" have to do with Judith Aiken's disappearance, with the murder of Judith's sister . . . with a man simply called EAT? $2.50

was often only intuitive, and while his intuitions were frequently penetrating, they were also sometimes grimly mistaken. He understood the basic strength of nationalism: its closeness to the people; but he also fell victim in some of his letters to the most vicious of all perversions of nationalism: a shameful chauvinism toward oppressed minority peoples and toward their cultures. (The worst of these letters, which undoubtedly make painful reading, have been excised by the editors.)

Needless to say, this book is a mine of information, and it would be tedious to enumerate the points, essential and subsidiary, upon which it sheds valuable light. (Surely the quota of misstatements about Musorgsky and his music which an indulgent public may allow program annotators must now be sharply reduced.) Yet while the helpings are generous, one feels compelled to play Oliver Twist and ask for more. The wealth of material available in the "Reader" often suggests innumerable shades of grey in what appeared (while reading earlier biographers) to be a simple black-and-white situation. For one thing, Musorgsky's personality grows more complex and at some points (at least to one untrained in the tools and techniques of psychological analysis) more obscure, as each letter adds detail and dimension to that personality. For another, Musorgsky emerges as a part of a general cultural movement which extended beyond the narrow confines of music and spread itself in varied and sometimes contradictory directions. Actually several more Readers, as well as a more direct acquaintance with the unfamiliar operas of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, Rubinstein, Servo, and Tchaikovsky, will be necessary before the materials in this volume can be properly integrated and evaluated.

It should be said for the editors that, apart from the perhaps unavoidable sin of a too limited scope, they have compiled their materials in a workmanlike fashion. They have wrestled manfully—and, on the whole, it would seem satisfactorily—with Musorgsky's gnarled, colorful, and pungent prose; they have painstakingly tracked down the sources of Musorgsky's reading, clarified an obscure reference here and there, annotated (although hardly illuminated) the mechanics of his singular letter masks, and appended a complete list of his music compiled from Professor Lamm's definitive edition of the composer's work. Philip Miller's discography is more useful than such listings usually are, for his compilation is critical rather than exhaustive, and as such a serviceable guide for those readers who are interested in recorded performances of Musorgsky's music.



"We'd like to see some Communists."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swatches of Swing

FRONTIERS OF JAZZ. Edited by Ralph de Toledano. Foreword by Milton Gabler. New York: Oliver Durrell, Inc. 1947. 178 pp. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

OF ALL the people who keep the public misinformed on the conditions of the arts, jazz writers are easily the most irritating. Their styles and attitudes are oddly diverse, ranging from the misty-eyed school of George Frazier and other lovers of the Twenties, through the frantic music-magazine scribes such as Barry Ulanov, right up to those guardians of judgment who are captained by Henry Luce's Winthrop Sargeant. Not all of them, it must be said, claim that they invented jazz; but one usually gets the feeling that they regard it as their exclusive property, just as Sheridan Whiteside regarded Christmas, and that they have decided to share it with the public only on the condition that the latter will think and feel about it as they do. To people like you and me, then, who cannot claim to have seen Pinetop spit blood and die, who cannot trace this music from the jungles of Africa to the caves of 52nd Street, and whose only talent consists of an ability to like jazz a great deal, any appearance of a book of essays on the subject is likely to be hailed with all the unbridled joy of a be-bop devotee at a performance of Mahler's Ninth.

Surprisingly enough, this snip-and-paste job by Mr. de Toledano, who formerly was one of the editors of a little sheet called *Jazz Information*, is a refreshing change from the usual jazz tone. By exercising admirable taste, restraint, and industry, this young man has become something of a traitor to the general herd of jazz writers.

Mr. de Toledano tells us that for years his desk has been cluttered and his pockets have been filled with various articles and clippings about jazz. Now, after due deliberation, he has picked out sixteen of them and put them between boards. "What I have tried to do," he says in his introduction, ". . . is to bring together a collection of critical and biographical articles, which in their day have caused widespread comment, which in this year of our Lord still have pertinence although the mark of time may be upon them."

Not only do these articles hold up, as the editor claims; they are remarkably varied, both in writing and in ideas. Moreover, there is very little of the kind of jazz writing lamented in the first paragraph of this report. There are scholarly articles, to be sure, such as Roger Pryor Dodge's "Harpsichords and Jazz Trumpets" (first published in *Hound and Horn* in 1934), which connects the sources of jazz improvisation with the music of Frescobaldi and Corelli. And there are also documentary statements on jazz by such pioneers as Jelly Roll Morton ("I Discovered Jazz in 1902") and Preston Jackson.

The first section of the book, which Mr. de Toledano calls "The Anatomy of Jazz," is by far more intelligent and exhaustive than the second, which is labeled "The Men Who Made Jazz." This latter section might have been improved by the addition of more articles like the late Otis Ferguson's "Piano in the Band," and by the omission of "Duke Ellington," by Wilder Hobson, as well as the Morroe Berger article on Bunk Johnson. But all in all, Mr. de Toledano has prepared an excellent anthology, one which undoubtedly will be consulted as a reference work for some time to come—not by the satraps who write about jazz, but by those who are willing simply to enjoy it.

11 MONTHS
A BEST SELLER
It's time you read
the GALLERY
By John Horne Burns
"The best war novel of 1947"
—Saturday Review of Literature
At all bookstores • $3.00
HARPER

PHILIP C. DUSCHNES
P&D
IF you are building a library of fine books write for our free catalogues.
RARE BOOKS • FIRST EDITIONS
66 EAST 56TH STREET • NEW YORK

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

This young lady from Brooklyn has won the
Pulitzer Prize for Biography

She "has managed to re-create a living historical figure... an admirable biography."*

FORGOTTEN FIRST CITIZEN
John Bigelow
The biography of a fighting liberal
By Margaret Clapp
*Henry Steele Commager, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*
$4.00 *at all bookstores*
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY • BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE'S
23rd Annual Session
BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE
Bread Loaf, Vt. Aug. 18 — Sept. 1

Two weeks' summer study emphasizing professional writing. Located on Middlebury College's separate, beautiful mountain campus.

Staff and visiting speakers include:

- Theodore Morrison, *Director*
- John Ciardi, *Poet*
- Bernard DeVoto, *Novelist, historian, critic*
- Helen Everitt, *Magazine writer; editor*
- Robert Frost, *Poet*
- A. B. Guthrie, Jr., *Author, teacher*
- Fletcher Pratt, *Fiction, articles, biography*
- Mark Saxton, *Novelist, editor, author*
- William Sloane, *Publisher*
- Louis Untermeyer, *Anthologist, poet, lecturer*

Two classes of membership: (1) *Contributors* submit manuscript for staff criticism. (2) *Auditors* can attend all lectures and discussions but submit no manuscript.

For Illustrated Bulletin write:
SUMMER SCHOOLS OFFICE
Middlebury College, Middlebury 6, Vt.

ANGLER'S CHOICE *An Anthology of American Trout Fishing*

Edited by HOWARD T. WALDEN II

"Most pleasures feast on anticipation, and as this is most true of fishing, I commend *Angler's Choice.* . . . I, who am a novice in stream fishing, have enjoyed the cast and playing of a trout as told by Eugene E. Slocum . . . Eugene Wright . . . and Curtis Zahn. I wish I had printed Leonard Bacon's poem, 'Minch on a Dry Fly,' in the *Atlantic;* I was proud that we had done so with those two classics of our time, 'Fishing With a Worm' by Bliss Perry and 'Feller in the Creek' by Ferris Greenslet. These are but half a dozen helpings of an appetizing bedside book."—Edward Weeks in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

At all bookstores **$3.75**
The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11

AN ENIGMA DECODED

(*Continued from page 8*)

in a serene sky: "Exterminate all the brutes!"

This, of course, is more than a hint. What remained in Marlowe's memory with overpowering vividness, however, was the final revelation of the naked soul in the moment of death. "He cried in a whisper at some image, at some vision—he cried out twice, a cry that was no more than a breath —'The horror! The horror!' I blew the candle out and left the cabin."

Marlowe performed with fidelity his distasteful role as trustee of Kurtz's public memory. He deliberately pledged his faith to this pretense and took his stand against the truth. Upon his return to Europe, removing the scrawled comment at the end of the report for the International Society, he gave it out for posthumous publication. Then he steeled himself to visit Kurtz's "intended" in Brussels, where a year after his death she continued to mourn for a morally exalted soul that had never been. He supported her delusion, though it filled him with terrible misgivings, and when she asked for Kurtz's last word—"something to live with"—he pulled himself together and spoke slowly: "The last word he pronounced was—your name."

Marlowe lived with a lie, but he kept the secret faithfully—unless his narration to that company aboard a yacht in the Thames estuary is to be considered a betrayal of it.

When, in 1899, the first instalments of "Heart of Darkness" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine,* Conrad said, in a letter to his friend R. B. Cunninghame Graham, that he was "shy of sending it" to him. In another letter to Cunninghame Graham, dated six days later, he wrote:

> I am simply in the seventh heaven to find you like the "H. of D" so far. You bless me indeed. Mind you don't curse me bye and bye for the very same thing. There are two more instalments in which the idea is so wrapped up in secondary notions that you—even you!—may miss it. And also you must remember that I don't start with an abstract notion. I start with definite images and as their rendering is true some little effect is produced. So far the note chimes in with your conviction,—*mais après?* There is an *après.*

Conrad evidently knew what he was doing. He knew that the beginning of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEVIL AND DESTINY *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2)	Drowning of alcoholic wife during suburban musicale puts husband in tough spot. Police are indebted to Dr. McNeill and wife.	If pay-off were as good as build-up this might rank high. Harrassed people are interestingly done, but plot demands considerable believing.	50-50
THE SCARLET FEATHER *Frank Gruber* (Rinehart: $2)	Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg sell books at Chi. poultry show, meet murder and fighting-cocks, and clear up sanguinary affair.	Informative as usual, this Gruber job ends with blow-by-blow acct. of cocking-main. Previous events are sufficiently startling.	Good-but not for queasy
DEATH IN LORD BYRON'S ROOM *Sally Wood* (Morrow: $2.50)	Postwar Nazi underground plotters, with Swiss hdq., smashed, after murders and attempts, by desirable American spinster and her lovely niece.	Shivery atmosphere well-maintained, background and characters engrossing, pay-off reasonably surprising—but generally fuzzy treatment blunts edge of yarn.	Average
THE FINISHING TOUCH *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2)	Brilliant but egocentric English sculptor cyanided. Young second wife and frustrated son have bad moments until Insp. Austen draws final conclusion.	People rather than plot are important here—though latter has its points. End guessable but story interest holds up nobly.	Satisfactory

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his story was misleading and that its point, its abstract idea, when reached, was hidden, "wrapped up in secondary notions." The definite images that give the story so much of its superficial effect were beside the point; but the point itself was of such a nature that he felt obliged to hide it from the undiscriminating view. He confessed privately, not in public meeting.

Now the implications of what I have said so far, if left unqualified, would be outrageous. They would be tantamount to saying that everything Conrad wrote was, by his own admission, untrue, a fraud imposed upon a credulous public, a deception deliberately maintained, a lie defended with a lie. Although a skeptic, he was, after all, a moralist; he did give his outspoken allegiance to certain moral principles and ideals of human conduct. Marlowe's aunt in Europe "talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horrid ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. . . . It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there has never been anything like it, and never can be. . . . We must help them to stay in that beautiful world of their own, lest ours get worse." If this is Conrad's final verdict on his work, on his function as a writer, then the whole world of literature begins to crumble under our feet.

The danger that the theoretical critic runs in these matters lies in his tendency to see symbols in implications, allegory in symbols, and the final word in allegory. Kurtz, I think, represents one of the ways in which Conrad saw himself as a writer. That almost magical gift of eloquence, of persuasive words, which he described in Kurtz he knew best in himself. He knew in himself also the danger that every honest writer so gifted must feel, the danger of indulging in mere words, uplifting but meaningless words, and thus becoming a charlatan. This was, in fact, Conrad's chief danger, which the critical reader feels in all his second-best writing. The words fly up, the thoughts remain below: words without thoughts never to heaven go.

I think every skeptical writer whose concern is with the moral world, if he is honest, must on occasion feel himself to be a fraud. He is conscious of exercising a godlike function without being a god. The more earnestly and honestly he searches for truth, the more inexorably it is borne in upon his mind and conscience that the truth is not for him, a mere mortal, to achieve, that at best he is allowed to see momentary gleams of reflected light from the Grail that he may never look upon or touch; and when they are gone he cannot be sure he has seen even them, since memory, being itself illusion, cannot finally distinguish truth. This feeling often comes to a writer, I think, when he reads over what he has written after the inspiration is all gone. In such a moment of reaction, prolonged by any natural or morbid despondency, he is likely to look upon his work as a whited sepulchre, which indeed appears beautiful outward, but within is full of dead men's bones. Because he goes on writing nevertheless, his inspiration returning, he must sometimes find himself wondering whether even his motive is not sordidly fraudulent, whether it is anything more than hunger for the "wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression." This self-despite, this feeling of being an imposter, this consciousness of mortal limitations, comes to him most poignantly in the hour of his success, when people accord him an undue respect, treating him like a god because his pretense is godlike. (It is well expressed in Isak Dinesen's short story "Young Man with a Carnation.") Honest writers understand this very well, even if the public does not. That is their private nightmare, and in such a mood they could sum up the whole of life by that whispered cry, "The horror! The horror!"

I think "Heart of Darkness" has no greater significance than this. It is the unreserved, perhaps even the exaggerated, personal confession that enabled Conrad to surmount the illness of his spirit and go on writing.

Braille

By Harold Zlotnik

THE WINDS that sweep the earth
As casual as light,
Though blinded from their birth,
Are wise in fingered sight,

Have learned the alphabet
Of tree and hill and field,
Each natural epithet,
The meanings mountains yield,

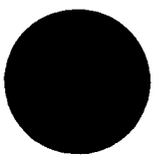
Have touched the massive thought
Of each metropolis,
In memory have caught
The tiny chrysalis,

Have shaped upon their lips
The words of restless seas
And idioms of ships
And crumbled colonies,

Have read the logic clear
Mankind has left behind
In seasons of his fear
When faith is undermined.

paul rosenfeld

VOYAGER IN THE ARTS



HERE is a many-paneled picture of a many-sided man. Paul Rosenfeld, the man who fathered art in America, breathed life into it, and fought so that it might flourish . . . mirrored in a magnificent mosaic by these outstanding writers, artists and musicians —

EDMUND WILSON • WILLIAM SCHUMAN
JOHN MARIN • GERALD SYKES
MARIANNE MOORE • ALLEN TATE
LEWIS MUMFORD • CARLOS CHAVEZ
WALDO FRANK • ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN
MAX GRAF • WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
CHARLES E. IVES • HAROLD WESTON
ALYSE GREGORY • FRANK JEWETT MATHER
MALCOLM COWLEY • CHARLES MILLS
ROY HARRIS • JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER
ALFRED KREYMBORG • STARK YOUNG
LLEWELYN POWYS • ROBERT PENN WARREN
E. E. CUMMINGS • HERBERT J. SELIGMANN
LUCIE WIESE • JOSEPH WARREN BEACH
FRANCIS STEEGMULLER • ELLIOTT CARTER
ERNEST BLOCH • SHERWOOD ANDERSON
JEROME MELLQUIST • LOUISE BOGAN
AARON COPLAND • EDWIN AVERY PARK
WALLACE STEVENS • HENRY HAZLITT
KENNETH BURKE • JOHN PEALE BISHOP
EDGARD VARESE • ANGNA ENTERS
MARK VAN DOREN • HAROLD CLURMAN
EDNA BRYNER • DOROTHY NORMAN
D. H. MOORE • LEHMAN ENGEL
DAVID DIAMOND • KENNETH PATCHEN
C. G. PAULDING

"An unusual book . . . a wealth of testimonials . . . the best way to remind us of Rosenfeld's value as a critic. The letters from Sherwood Anderson to Rosenfeld make the most moving tribute of all those gathered here."
— *The New York Times*

Edited by Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE • $3.50

CREATIVE · AGE · PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SONGS OF OUR TIMES"
10 Decca Albums
Covering the hit tunes of each year (each in a separate album) 1925 through 1934. With booklet by Louis Untermeyer on events of the year. 4—10" records. DA 1925-1934 Each $3.94*

Soliloquies from
HAMLET
READ BY JOHN GIELGUD
With interesting booklet by Louis Untermeyer. 2—10" unbreakable records. DAU 7 $5.25*

*Plus City Sales Tax in NYC. Add 25c for packing, plus 85c for shipping West of Mississippi; 60c East; to be sent Parcel Post. (Prices subject to change).

Write for our Catalog of Records, Appliances, Radios, Cameras, Sports, Gifts.

RABSONS Dept. 109
111 West 52nd St., New York 19
CI 7-0070

"Dramatic"
—N. Y. Herald Tribune
the City and the Pillar
By GORE VIDAL
$3.50
At all bookstores
E. P. DUTTON & CO.

On The Marble Cliffs
Ernst Juenger
The most impressive novel to come out of Germany in a decade $ 2.50
A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK

INDIANA UNIVERSITY
Conference for Young Writers
July 11–17, 1948
WRITERS' CONFERENCE
July 19–31, 1948
STAFF
John Horne Burns — John Frederick Nims
Kenneth Fearing — Len Peterson
Lillian Hellman — Irving Stone
William Heyliger — John R. Tunis
Rolfe Humphries — Jessamyn West
William E. Wilson
For information concerning scholarships, fees, living accommodations, and workshops, address
RALPH L. COLLINS, *Director*
Indiana University Writers' Conference
Bloomington, Indiana

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
BRAHMS, CELLO SONATA #2, IN F. Op. 99. Piatigorsky, Ralph Berkowitz. Columbia MM 590 (4)	Beautiful, sharp, edgy cello reproduction. Balance slightly off — too much cello. Piano is good, though thin in bass.	A	Ralph Berkowitz's piano makes this album outstanding; its tremendous energy spurs the somewhat languid P. to his very good best.
BRAHMS, VIOLIN SONATA #3, Op. 108. Isaac Stern, Alex. Zakin. Columbia MM 730 (3)	Gorgeous violin reproduction, full highs, close-to. Piano similar to above, but bal. seems better (partly sharp, high pitch of vl.)	A	Continues a close collaboration. Perfect, sober Brahms teamwork, about as fine as you'll ever hear.
AMERICANA (Violin and piano). Louis Kaufman, Annette Kaufman. Vox 627 (3)	Consciously big liveness: fiddle sounds huge; impression of wide range. Excellent piano, noticeably better than Columbia's above. Fine balance. But some distortion, no highest highs.	A(!)	An innocuous, pleasant collection of folksy pieces, well written, not very important. (Still, Helm, Copland, Triggs, McBride.)
MAHLER, SYMPHONY #5. Bruno Walter, New York Philharmonic Columbia MM 718 (8)	This is very best of Columbia's wider range orch. recording. Only moderate liveness, but sharp, clear details, fine brass and string "edge." An alternative to RCA Victor type with its greater liveness, fewer highs.	A	Monumental companion album to the 4th. (*SRL* Mar. 16). A tremendous performance, unmatchable by any other living conductor. Peerless recording makes easy listening. Try it one mvt. at a time!

CHAMBER MUSIC AND THE SUPER-SYMPHONY

PARADOXICALLY, the two most ineffective kinds of recording in the past have been of those opposites, the small chamber music ensemble and the huge super-symphony. Both are made far more listenable in recent recordings.

As to chamber music, the old prejudice against it is largely due, I think, to misuse, to the playing of chamber music in big concert halls, where it is bound to be inadequate. The newer chamber recordings (above) are in a way truer to the music itself than almost any concert performance, since they make the chamber ensemble into something big and impressive. Two major factors have contributed to this. One is wider tonal range. With proper equipment, recorded string music now has a sharpness, a bite and edge, that greatly enhance its presence and realism. (To be sure, there are people who prefer the "soft," golden quality of most older string recordings even to the harsher sounds of the actual instruments themselves—but this is carrying things too far! The ideal in recording is still the living sound of the instrument, harsh or no.) Another factor is the new understanding of the problem of liveness, which, properly solved, can make the recorded chamber ensemble sound fully as big as it is in fact.

The super-symphony, gallantly recorded complete in the earlier days against insuperable odds, was usually a grand blur through most of its length. To listen to it was an act of devotion. The newest recordings are a tremendous improvement, and bring the music into the area of enjoyable listening. The same combination of wide range plus carefully controlled liveness means that the sharp, differing orchestral tone colors are accurately reproduced, vital musical detail work is crystal clear, musical perspective is heightened. Ingenious mike techniques give both distant roundness and close-to sharpness, simultaneously; and these factors together, strangely, give an impression of great dynamic range. Quiet surfaces and a higher recording level, finally, remove most of the music from the area of intruding background noise that wears so dreadfully on the mental endurance.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

THE CATS OF NOHEA

RINGING the atoll, lagoon to surf,
No reef too narrow to cling and breed,
Crest in the cloud and feet in the spray
That from Coromandel bore their seed

The palms of Nohea rose rich and tall.
But the island monarch who gazed across
A mile of sea to their glossy wall
Had a painful sense of profit and loss.

This pearl of atolls which should provide
Copra for trade and thatch for his huts
Had wounded him deeply in pocket and pride
For the rats were eating his coconuts!

Even those rats of the Master Race
Whose lust, recorded by Robert Browning,
For *Blasinstrumente* and parades
Led to a suicide's death by drowning

Were mice compared to these buccaneers
Who tossed down tender nuts by dozens
Gnawing the thongs from the hunters' spears
Or toes and such from the King's young cousins.

But he, in diplomacy, temper, and girth
Resembled the chief of that island nation
Which recently failed to perceive defeat
When faced with a similar situation.

His swift canoemen bore abroad
The words of their wily autocrat:
"On the beach of Nohea our Lord will pay
A silver franc for each well-grown cat."

From far Tahiti and Mindanao
Came praus and schooners and war canoes
While life submerged in one vast miaow
In the ears of their clawed and deafened crews.

Wet and screaming, their weapons bared,
The first assault-waves swarmed ashore;
Let night and forgetfulness obscure
The dread details of that total war.

But when they had gobbled the final rat
Over Nohea fell the gloom
Of the cosmic sixty-four-dollar question—
Now who eats what or, in this case, whom?

Only a miracle, it seemed,
Could halt the logical consummation
In which the strongest and slyest cat
Remained alone to face starvation.

No more than a score were left alive
When, all at once, by their common wish
The cats of Nohea sheathed their claws,
Entered the surf and began to fish.

No man was witness, no man can tell
From what strange caucus beneath the moon
Some feline Wilson or F.D.R.
Led the way to the rich lagoon.

The grateful monarch increased in wealth
By the generous produce of his trees;
The sleek and succulent fishing cats
Are still tabu, by his decrees.

Brothers of all the Entangled Nations,
Before we have swallowed our final rats,
I pray we dispatch our delegations
To sit at the feet of Nohea's cats.

RICHARD HART.

* * *

THE SWALLOWER OF UNIVERSES

or

Two Yanks in the Hell of The Fifth Dimension

(A super-science thriller. With apologies to *Astounding Science-Fiction, Thrilling Wonder Stories, Planetary Tales, Sinister Tales, Weird Tales.*)

"NO, NO, not that!" gasped the eight-headed Martian in frenzied terror. "Anything except that!"

"Too late! The whole cosmic system of all you petty Martians and Earthlings is about to explode," rasped the unknown Space Thing with a savage oath, as It gloatingly caressed Its sinister dimension-transformer machine. "In three counts, my fine three-dimensional upstart, I shall by telepathic biochemistry magnetize the secret super-crystal which releases the deadly switch."

This was the scene that met the dare-devil eyes of "Butch" and "Slim," that famous pair of Yankee space-vagabonds to whom the Earth government's inter-dimensional G-men had appealed as a last resort. It was still a split second before that count of three, which would dissolve our entire galactic system of sun and planets into the Fate Worse Than Nothingness, the Blackness blacker than black. Back in his octillion-acre den in the fifth dimension, the Swallower of Universes was waiting hungrily for his daily meal. Having now swallowed all appetizing universes in the first, second, and fourth dimensions, he would today begin on the third. He smacked his infra-proto-plasmic lips in greedy anticipation. His time-reflex told him that his three-dimensional materialized thought-projection, the Space Thing, was about to release the transformer switch.

At that split-second, the Yankee rocket dove to the rescue at a faster-than-light speed, spewing atomic energy in its wake. Steered by Butch and Slim and their two loyal robot sweethearts, the rocket's unbreakable super-nose dove unerringly into the infernal dimension-transformer machine, smashing it irreparably and forever.

Simultaneously, in the nick of time, Butch's trusty electric ray-gun disintegrated every electron of the startled space-fiend's ectoplasmic body into helpless, quivering neutrons. Slim, not to be outdone by his friendly rival, pulled out his Woolworth magnifying glass to demonstrate once more that ingenious originality which made his name a by-word of superscience among even the Master Minds of the Moon. By subtle scientific principles derived from immense mathematical charts, Slim held his magnifying glass in front of the sun so as to set aflame the pile of alien, subversive, un-Earthly literature which the Martian had been hypnotized to distribute through all discontented planets.

"Ho hum, saving our three-dimensional way of life from cosmic super-gangsters and rescuing universes in distress is all in the day's work, Butch," yawned the slimmer of the inter-dimensional G-men casually. Suddenly their heroic cleanshaven faces became diffused with a softer light of manly tenderness. For their two beautiful robot sweethearts—suddenly expanding into super-buxomness by a Pneumatic mechanism—were swooning with relief into the arms of the dare-devil Yankees.

"Ho hum, if we four dash off from this hick planet of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mars," drawled back Butch with equal casualness," we can still arrive in time for radium-cocktails at Venus, in the —er—privacy of that charming invisible Venus cloud-villa which we rented from the Mad Scientist of Saturn. Surely my robot lady will be interested in my collection of ultra-violet, electrodynamic, fourth-dimensional etchings. That's still the best way in any universe for whiling away an uneventful day like this."

PETER VIERECK.

* * *

BEFORE CURTAIN

Now for a breather till the curtain rises
Time yet to read the actors' pedigrees
Before the lights go down—excuse me please—
(Why don't they make these seats in larger sizes?)
I'm sorry—thanks—Brooks Brothers advertises
Waistcoats in daring checks for afternoon—
She played in stock from Smith to Saskatoon
Before her Broadway bow — Cartier advises
Cabochon rubies . . . hmmm . . . including tax—
The Straw Hat circuit—many movie hits—
All sizes 12 to 48 at Sak's—
Your private power blend, Charles of the Ritz—
Characters shown in order of appearance—
I beg your pardon—sure—no interference.

EDWIN MCNEILL POTEAT.

* * *

MUSIC A LA MODE

Jazz
Got the razz;
Jive
Took a dive;
Swing
Had its fling;
Now bebop
Is the top.

ETHEL JACOBSON.

* * *

PANNED PARENTHOOD

Today medical science is making cures possible in some thirty per cent of infertility cases which come under treatment.
—Dr. Abraham Stone in "Planned Parenthood" broadcast over Station WOV.

All hail the power of WOV!
All hail, all hail Fertility!
Banish sorrow. . . . Be gone, care!
Proclaim the Freedom of the Heir!
Let Nature be negligent;
Man will atone.
We ask for bred,
And you give us A. Stone.

HOWARD CUSHMAN.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Dates: 20¢ per word 12-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12¢ a word; 26 times, 14¢ a word; 13 times, 17¢ a word; 6 times, 19¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST. China, Japan, Indo-China, the East Indies, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send for Catalogue 130, now ready, one of the most diversified we have ever issued. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, INC., 47 West 47 St., N.Y.C. 19.

FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 St., Chicago, Illinois.

WE PURSUE ELUSIVE BOOKS. PARSONS BOOKSTORE SERVICE, 16310 Tarkington Ave., Cleveland 5, Ohio.

BOOKS ON ENGLISH. Inspiration, Novels, History. Many subjects. Free lists! RABOTTI SERVICE, 422-SR. 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS LOCATED. No obligation. RALPH HEINEN, 909 Greenwood Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio.

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Accurate, intelligent work. We supply stationery and include proofreading service. Special attention to rush work. MANUSCRIPT SERVICE, Telephone CIrcle 6-7664, after 10 A.M.

PYTELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Books for sale—Catalogs available. 1. Americana (488 titles) 2. Fiction (1600 titles) 3. Medicine—Aviation —Music, etc. 4. Sociology & History. 5. Literature (538 titles) 6. Art (Fine & Applied).

C. C. GIESE CO. Bookfinders have located some rare and desirable books on the following subjects and invite correspondence: Costume, Rugs, Textiles, Print Collecting, Witchcraft. We find books for you, including old and out-of-print titles. Send us names of books wanted and authors; we locate and write you price. No obligation on your part. 128 Light St., Baltimore 2, Md. PLaza 3333.

SELECTED FICTION List F-48. Write BOOKMAILERS, 330 West 89 St., N.Y.C. 24.

JUST PUBLISHED! LION FEUCHTWANGER WAHN oder der Teufel in Boston. Play in 3 acts. De Luxe edition, $3., 250 autographed copies, half-leather, $5.00. Mary S. Rosenberg, Bookseller and Importer. 100 West 72 St., N.Y.C. 23. Dept. 22.

LANGUAGES

RUSSIAN CONVERSATION, grammar, translations; English, French, Russian, German. N.Y.C. ACademy 4-1700, Ext. 2008.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne. (Sorbonne University) N.Y.C. REgent 7-4606.

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY — At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian, by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. Save time, work, money Linguaphone Correspondence Courses are available to Veterans under G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS. Send for free books. State if G.I. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26 RCA Bldg., N.Y.C. 20.

LITERARY SERVICES

ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC. Literary Agents, 28 years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. 280 Madison Ave., at 40 St., N.Y.C. 16.

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY TYPED. Reasonable. IRENE HERLOCKER, 6345 Jefferson, Hammond, Indiana.

MANUSCRIPTS, ETC., typed intelligently by veteran-student. Reasonable. WILLIAM KELLY, N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 9-7576.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., N.Y.C.

PLAYWRIGHTS—Join drama department in unique AUTHOR'S Cooperative. Outstanding plays accepted for publication and possible production. Books on public affairs, fiction, children's books also wanted. Established seven years. International distribution. Members share publishing profits. ISLAND PRESS, 470 West 24 St., N.Y.C.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., N.Y.C. PLaza 3-1364.

A NEW PLAN for new poets. Extraordinary opportunity. Your poems read—and bought at the highest rates—by renowned international editors. Write today: NEW VOICES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 31 West 92 St., N.Y.C.

TRANSLATIONS FROM GERMAN, French and Italian, manuscripts neatly typed. Write Room 931, 230 East 51 St., N.Y.C.

PROFESSIONAL HELP FOR NEW AND ESTABLISHED WRITERS. Large staff of distinguished writers and editors including William D. Allen, a former Reader's Digest editor; Georgette Carneal, novelist Julie Herne, many years head of MGM play dept. Marie McCall, a former Paramount scenarist Clara Stillman, biographer ("Samuel Butler"—Viking) etc., offer following services: critical analysis, rewrite, collaboration, editing and revision. General counsel and marketing advice for reasonable evaluation fee. Also ms. typing. Interviews by appointment. PROFESSIONAL WRITERS, 39 East 35 St., N.Y.C. Phone MUrray Hill 6-5584.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Neatly, accurately. John McSherry, 104-24 126th St., Richmond Hill 19, N. Y. VIrginia 3-3135.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE. Established 1928. Intelligent, superior work. Prompt, personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 St., N.Y.C. LExington 2-4770.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 4-0087.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy of "A Decade of Publishing" Dept. 5, EXPOSITION PRESS, One Spruce St., N.Y.C. 7.

TYPIST. Superior work done on IBM Electromatic typewriter. Books, theses, miscellaneous matter, including stencil cutting. IDA NETZER, N.Y.C. CHelsea 2-3184.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, expert typist, moderate fees. Call OLinville 5-1226 after 8 P.M.

THESES; all kinds manuscripts—typing, spelling, grammatical editing, dictation. Box 290-A.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. HELEN WEED, 1614 4th Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

GHOST-WRITING; booklets, letters, speeches, etc. GEORGE WILTON, 80 East 52 St., N.Y.C. 17.

PROFITABLE, PERSONAL PUBLISHING. Expert staff will artistically design your book. Low prices. Estimate furnished FREE. NEW VOICES Publishing Company, 31 West 92 St., N.Y.C.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Spring, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT or HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. Write stating "Want." No obligations. OPAL'S BOOK SERVICE, Westbury, N. Y.

REGISTER YOUR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK WANTS with me for effective, inexpensive service. NATHAN SIMONS, 3440 Gates Place, N.Y.C. 67.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied. Send us your lists. Quick, efficient service. Reasonable prices. Free catalog. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 18870 Marx Ave., Detroit 3, Mich.

CHALLENGE US TO LOCATE those "Hard-to-Find" books you want! SPOTLIGHT BOOKS, 141 Broadway, N.Y.C.

CAMERA WORK, edited by Alfred Stieglitz. 1903-1917. Complete set. Good condition. Box 861-Y.

RECORD MART

SPECIALIZED SERVICE CATERING to collectors of vocal records. Deletions available. State "wants". Mail orders only. RECORD COLLECTORS SERVICE, Room 1108, 8 West 40 St., N.Y.C. 18.

"JUST RECORDS". Outstanding new record review. Subscription: $1 yearly. Sample copy free. Box 770-Y.

JUST PUBLISHED—THE RECORD BOOK, international edition by David Hall. The best and most comprehensive guide to fine recorded music available. Authoritative reviews of important domestic and foreign recordings. 1934 pages, $7.50 postpaid. MARJOS SMITH, 150-30 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing, N.Y.

"WHERE CAN I GET THAT RECORDING?" You can be sure that we have that hard-to-get Record or Album Set you are looking for. Telefunken-Cetra-Decca FFRR-HMV-Victor—Columbia—and others. Mail orders our specialty! RECORD COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, 76 West 48 St., N.Y.C.

ART

GOLDLEAFING: Gild frames, artwork, glassware, sculpture, etc. Fascinating, profitable craft. Kit complete included gold-colored leaves, instructions. $5.98 postpaid. PRODEX, 509 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 16.

PERSONALS

WANTED: unfurnished three or four room apartment, north-side Chicago. Box 201-A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Crawford Notch. Inn unique, good food, good beds, good times. Box 202-A.

AFRICAN NEGRO SCULPTURE—carved in teakwood by natives of Tanganyika. Authentic works of art, each one different: Statuettes—4 inch high, $1.50 each, Carved Dagger, 9 inch long, $2.00 each, Ceremonial Spoon, Fork, 9 inch long, $2.00 each. Send check or money order to Eastwest, 200 East 94 St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

WANTED ROOM WITH BATH, or small apartment July 1-August 15, accessible to Columbia University in N.Y.C. in or near lower Westchester, New Rochelle, or Rutherford. Box 204-A.

EX-COLLEGIATE "honor boy" of un-studious nature, would correspond with lively young lady. Box 205-A.

FOR RENT: Mt. Pocono, Pa. Furnished housekeeping cottage. Four bedrooms (two with running water). Two bathrooms. Maid's room with lavatory. Three fire-places, Wide porches. Ample grounds. Across Highway from golf course. Address M. C. Lockwood, Wiscasset Country Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

NEW WRITERS MAGAZINE contains article "tips" on science, home-making, entertainment, personality, medical, travel and fashion stories. Staff visits leading U.S.A. industries and institutions—reports article possibilities, free photographers available, research activities, etc. Free copy to writers, editors. State magazines you write for. Feature, 807, Times Tower, N.Y.C.

RESPONSIBLE, traveled group college seniors and teachers plan summer children's tour group college seniors and teacher plan summer children's tour of American National Parks and State Capitols. Age twelve up. Address: Children's Tour, Box 113, Birmingham, Southern College, Birmingham 4, Alabama.

FOR SALE. Encyclopedia Britannica, book case, four year books. Up to date, like new. $150. F. Hilliard, Perkins Inst., Watertown, Mass. WAtkins 4-9753.

UNUSUAL MEDICAL STUDENT, female, reasonably attractive, good company; former secretary-nurse; desires unusual summer position. Travel preferably. Box 206-A.

APPRECIATIVE YOUNG MAN needs Univ. of Chicago education financed beginning Sept., exchange summers' service, eternal bondage, undying gratitude Box 207-A.

WANTED—Agent to book dates for interesting lecture on New York State. Box 208-A.

SUMMER ABROAD? Alert middle-aged woman wanted to share woman's 1st-class accommodations and expenses July, August to Paris and Scandinavia. Original companion ill References exchanged Box 230-A

NEW ADVERTISING RATES EFFECTIVE ON JUNE 1st

Effective June 1st, a new schedule of rates for Personals and Classified advertising will go into effect for The Saturday Review as follows:

25¢ per word, 12-word minimum. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 17¢; 26 times, 19¢; 13 times, 22¢; 6 times 24¢.

All orders received prior to this date will be honored at the old rate.

YOUNG WOMAN, intellectual, versed in literature, good music, art, welcomes correspondence with highly intelligent man. Box 231-A.

IS THERE A GENIAL, mature gentleman who would exchange views on life's richness with a life-loving tolerant woman? Box 232-A.

6-ROOM APARTMENT, East Tenth, Manhattan, sublet June 15-August 15. Box 210-A.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, brand new. not yet unpacked, $175. Sells for $249. Box 211-A.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, anticipating living the life of Thoreau, somewhat, would greatly appreciate information leading to beautiful, wild, panoramic sight for isolated, self-sufficient homestead, or abondoned shelter so situated. Would buy equipment (attractively priced) for fishing, hunting (also dog), camping, building and gardening (tools), etc., also classics. All correspondence, personal or impersonal, cordially invited and sincerely answered. Box 212-A.

WHAT CAREFREE, intelligent maiden would correspond with jovial, young half-baked intellectual? Box 213-A.

PREPARATORY SENIOR wishes summer job. Supervision, tutoring, children. Tennis, expert sailor. Chores. Able, reliable. Reply Box 214-A.

TWO COLLEGE SENIORS, veterans, desire suburban summer resident employment. Astonishingly versatile; butlering, gardening, tutoring, anything. References available. David Cowles, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire.

YOUNG LADY, secretary, European, desires correspondence with interesting gentleman. Box 215-A.

YOUNG WOMAN AND SMALL WELL BEHAVED DOG seek good home in exchange for house-keeping services, moderate salary expected. Box 216-A.

FOR SALE: Choice for discriminating person. Prize location, Washington, Conn. six rooms, three baths: Wonderful view: five acres, woodland; shown by appointment. Box 218-A.

YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN invites correspondence with mature sincere man. Interests: music, art, languages, travel. Box 219-A.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR, female, reasonably attractive, in thirties, desires summer position for approximately, one month as clerk in small bookstore, preferably in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington. Box 220-A.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN, musically inclined, invites correspondence with moderately, intellectual female harpist. Box 221-A.

VERSATILE YOUNG MAN, university graduate, wants summer employment N.Y.C. area to escape mid-western slough of despond. Fluent Spanish. Tutor, typist, chauffeur, what-have-you? Box 222-A.

FRENCH COLLEGE STUDENT (Parisien), desires summer work as travelling companion. Experienced tutor. Capable driver. Box 223-A.

MODERN LOG COTTAGE on small lake near Lake George. Summer rental $600. George McGay, Superior Road, Bellerose, New York.

DOWN-TO-EARTH young lady wishes correspondence —male and female. Box 224-A.

CAPITULATING TO MUNDANE concerns literary college grad, male, desires summer position. Money but no insurmountable barrier if etc. Box 125-A.

UNSOPHISTICATED, not clever, unexciting young female, liking outdoors, travelling, books and music, would like mail from "simple" males. Box 226-A.

COLLEGE GRAD, B.A., M.A., teacher, secretarial experience, desires interesting summer position. Free to travel; excellent personality; references. Box 227-A.

CAPABLE, personable young newspaperman with artistic inclinations, tired of Rotary meetings, begs for opportunity to work at any job in more congenial environment, preferably theatrical or literary. Will travel. Nothing dilettanteish desired Box 228-A.

PERSONALS

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

TEACHER (woman) (companionable) desires summer position as travelling companion. Box 229-A.

WILL SHARE GEORGETOWN, D. C. studio room with young male student this summer at less than cost due to my frequent absences from city. Box 249-A.

SKILLED TYPIST will give wholehearted attention to your typing, mimeographing needs. Dictation at your convenience. Helen Johnston, Box 4172, San Francisco, Calif. Ordway 3-6639.

CALIFORNIAN, former "sour-dough" wishes exchange. Manhattan turmoil for rural life. Anywhere. Preferably Northern Michigan. Wisconsin. Light employment not necessitating continuous standing. Possibility small investment later. Interested paying country hobby. Refined woman (54) pleasant, reliable personality. Consider simple housekeeping for elderly brothers, father and son. Helpful suggestions welcomed. Box 250-A.

COTTAGE ON INDIAN LAKE, Adirondacks. Fully furnished, electric light, refrigeration. Fourteen acres woodland, eight hundred feet shore line. $350 to July thirty-first, $300 for September. Box 238-A.

COLLEGE STUDENT, Navy veteran, age 21, wants summer work at child's (or adult's) tutor-companion, qualifications include literary and general background, typing, and pleasant personality. Will travel. References. Box 239-A.

CAPABLE YOUNG MAN, university graduate student, seeks summer employment involving travel Latin America. Fluent Spanish, likes people, books, music. Qualified tutor, interpreter, secretary, companion, chauffeur. Box 240-A.

PROFESSIONAL YOUNG LADY, interesting, understanding, attractive, would like correspondence from idealistic, charming gentleman. Box 241-A.

WRITER WANTS PART-TIME WORK (gardening, tutoring, etc.) in exchange for subsistence, isolation, privacy, small wage. Bachelor, 27, two degrees. Box 242-A.

SATIRIST, comedian, sketches, shorts. Wide stage, radio experience. Major networks. Seeks position that would utilize talents. N.Y.C. Box 243-A.

OFFER EXCELLENT FLORIDA LAKEFRONT HOME in exchange house or apartment near College Northeast or Middle West June 15, or Sept. 15, to December 15. Nathan C. Starr, Winter Park, Florida.

FOR SALE: 89 acre farm, beautiful setting, brook, outbuildings, spring water. Good 7-room house, electricity, telephone, $3300, terms. David Barrett, Claremont, New Hampshire.

YOUNG FEMALE WRITER desires large 1½ furnished apartment midtown near Broadway after June 15th, maximum $75 per month, best references. Box 244-A.

WOMAN would enjoy correspondence with man of scholarly tastes, sense of humor. Box 245-A.

EUROPEAN ERRANDS, personal contacts (including Germany), research, writing in science, psychology, art, miscellaneous, in exchange for passage to Europe. Two University Chicago graduates, women medical students. Box 246-A.

DESKHANDS. Rent my stone cottage, 150 miles north of Phoenix Red Canyons secluded yet convenient, garage, neat furnishings, hot summers but who cares with electrolux—little cousin of Oak Creek right on premises fish by day, play with lamp shadows nightime, wildcat serenades, grand opera scenery, $50 plus light ranch work. Write me, Adele Masson, 8045 Geary Blvd., San Francisco 21, Calif.

INSTITUTION CARING FOR BABIES. Woman, 42, good background, wishes work more than salary. Clerical experience, willing to study anything. Available September, interview any time. New York or Boston vicinity preferred. Box 247-A.

FIVE INTERESTING ACRES FOR SALE in Pound Ridge, N. Y., commuting from the New Canaan station. Cosmopolitan neighborhood. Reasonable price, $2200, arranged at your convenience. Write Ethel Fink, RFD 2, New Canaan, Conn.

EDUCATED, capable woman, forty, wants summer position managing household, cooking, hostessing, driving West Coast. Box 234-A.

WANTED; lonely, discerning females endowed with provocative non-conformist approach to life to correspond with gentleman of similar tastes. Box 235-A.

SITUATION WANTED. Retired executive, available as an estate manager. Excellent health, alert, active, intelligent, refined and single. Unquestioned character references. Box 534-Y.

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

YOUNG, satitated with executive duty, invites correspondence from clever intellectual beauty. Box 209-A.

RENT: Stone cottage: living room, fireplace, dining room. screened porch, electric kitchen; one double bedroom; one single; sleeping porch, bath. Season $700. July and August, $500. Cottage with one bedroom, bath, kitchenette, $200. season. No children under twelve. References exchanged. Folly Cove, Cape Ann, Mass. Box 300-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, graduating June, midwest University desires job new surroundings. Adaptable, excellent memory. Box 236-A.

FINE QUALITY VERMONT, 1948 maple syrup. $6.50 per gallon. Postpaid 300 miles. Herbert G. Ogden, RFD 1, Windsor, Vermont.

PITCH TENT ON CHICAGO'S MIDWAY? Must if apartment doesn't materialize by July 1st. Three furnished rooms near University Chicago. Couple. Geared first-job income. Box 251-A.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, hobbies arts, would correspond with mature gentleman. Box 252-A.

TETONS, GLACIER, BANFF, ROCKIES, etc. Professional photographer planning automobile camping trip. Will take someone who likes hiking, leisurely travel. All expenses $300 monthly. Box 253-A.

WANTED: Librarian for new library. Pleasant working conditions. 40 hr. week. Vacation. Experience not necessary. Salary $2100-$2300. Box 254-A.

WASHINGTON THIS SUMMER? Small house downtown (Georgetown), garden, porches, exchange 3-4 weeks' vacation, quarters for two adults, preferably Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Cape Cod, or what-have-you. Box 255-A.

SUMMER RENTALS: 1780 house, spacious, furnished. Bara, beautiful White Mts. view, 300 acres woodland. 8 miles from Newfoundland Lake, N. H. $1000. Furnished Lodge House, same view, separate acreage $600. Box 256-A.

HELP THE MOUNT HOLYOKE two million dollar Campaign Fund by ordering my hand-made children's clothes. Subscribe to "Jr. The Modern Magazine for Boys and Girls." Box 257-A.

ORPHANED BY RESIGNATION. Chicago-tied female, accomplished secretary who has held responsible administrative posts and secretaried nationally known author-lecturer, now looking for bright new fields to conquer. Any suggestions? Box 258-A.

CAPE COD. Charming, small, all year house, all conveniences; sleeps five. Rental—June—$240. Box 144. Dennisport, Mass.

SECRETARY — COMPANION. Adaptable, agreeable personality, varied interests, excellent background. Summer months. Will travel. References exchanged. Interested? Box 259-A.

WHAT WILL YOU OFFER? Bible (1611); Harper's Weekly (1861); Leslie's (1881); Godey's Lady's Book and Magazine (1866); all in good condition; other rarities. Box 260-A.

PERSONABLE MALE, veteran, graduating Harvard in June, eager for European prior to seriously earning a living but too broke to do so himself, offers personal services in exchange for such diversity mid-July to September. Tutor-companion to young chap preferred, but any other suggestions promptly considered. Box 261-A.

YOUNG MAN, 30, physically handicapped, (ability to work seriously impaired) possessing small independent income, seeks new surroundings, temporary or permanent. Anything considered. Suggestions? Box 262-A.

MUSICAL CHORES—"conversation piece" hostess apron. Plastic, printed with musical notes. Charming, practical. Fun to give, fun to wear. Perfect gift or prize. $1.25 each postpaid. Box 263-A.

TEACHER, 45, Boys Baarding School, tutoring experience wants interesting summer work at anything will travel or stay put. Box 264-A.

MATURE WOMAN would welcome letters from any congenial persons. Play good piano. Principal interest. Enjoy all arts. Box 265-A.

SUBLEASE 4 MONTHS, one room apartment, terrace, furnished, apartment-hotel, service, West-side. Mid-Manhattan. Box 266-A.

BE THEE VAIN, your correspondence welcomed, hairdressing is my game. Box 267-A.

WILL SOMEONE LIVING ON NEW ENGLAND, South Shore be interested in taking two paying guests for month of August. Philadelphia physician and wife would like to breathe again for a while. Box 248-A.

VERSATILE MALE, impetuous, unconventional desires adventurous, romantic, understanding, female correspondents. Age, race, creed immaterial. Box 270-A.

ARCHAEOLOGY. *Removal sale of Overstock.* Books, periodicals; the Institute's publications over sixty years. Prices reduced by three-quarters. Archeological Institute of America, Andover Hall, Cambridge 38, Mass.

INTELLIGENT, quiet young man will accept job in isolated area for small remuneration, room and board. Box 271-A.

UNATTACHED BACHELOR, 47, mediocre, genius wishes position manage your affairs, run errands, expeditions, baby-sitting or any other well-paying propositions. Box 268-A.

WANTED. Situation in country, assist all home activities, by responsible woman, good health, education. Moderate wages. Box 962-Y.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands, minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

EASTERN GIRL desires travel in Europe this summer as companion or secretary or one to two year stenographic or drafting position in Europe. Box 233-A.

TYPICAL COLLEGE STUDENT, veteran, extremely varied experience and capable of most anything. Desirous of stimulating job 2, 3, 4 months summer 1948. Box 237-A.

COMPANION. Lady's, child's, cultivated, traveled, mature, useful, summer outside city. BEnsonhurst 6-4865.

MALE, Coiumbia, journalism graduate seeks magazine, newspaper work; style-conscious, expert copy-proof reader, N.Y.C. Box 200-A.

COLLEGE JUNIOR (MALE) wants job taking care children, Manhattan, afternoons, evenings. Sleep in-out. Excellent cook. Experienced, references. Box 291-A.

MOTHER, SON (14) TEAM desire summer position, private resort. Useful. References. Box 292-A.

"DIRECT from London to Your Address—British Publications, Inc. can now fill subscriptions for all British magazines, trade papers and technical journals, with prompt and regular deliveries (air editions) overnight. Write for catalog listing nearly 1000 periodicals, with rates in American currency. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

$800 WILL RENT BEAUTIFUL SECLUDED MODERN COUNTRY HOME. July-August, Shawagunk Mountains near Port Jervis. 70 acres; ponds; near golfing, fishing. Car essential shopping. 40 ft. living room; 3 bedrooms. Suffern, MUrray Hill 7-2983.

SECRETARY EITHER MALE OR FEMALE to head leading book publishing firm. Dictation, typing, supervision filing and editorial research. Charge personal accounts and executive records. Will have assistant. State secretarial qualifications, education, present or previous jobs, references, salary. Literary, newspaper and scholarly interests important. Top executive secretarial experience essential. Box 293-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, industrious, capable, experienced with children, seeks position take entire charge motherless child or children in country or farm home for summer. College background, cultured, adept swimming, riding, tennis. Happy surroundings more important than remuneration. Box 294-A.

WRITER, young lady, seeks position; funds for living, freedom for writing necessary. N.Y. Box 295-A.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MOTHER interested position as teacher of Home Economics also in capacity of house mother. Vicinity—New England. Box 296-A.

UNIQUE POSITION for anyone (female) interested in books and book publishing. Requirements: secretarial experience, some imagination and creative ability, reasonable accuracy for details. Box 297-A.

FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE at Sedgefield Inn, Greensboro, N. C., where lucky mortals will find tranquillity, miraculous food and other distinguished guests. Golf, tennis, riding. Ideal spot for creative work. Four college libraries nearby. Write for descriptive folder O.

GENTLEMAN who likes to correspond invites interesting friendly, feminine letter writers. Box 702-Y.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. An island Pension. 12th season. Board and room $50 and $45. Only double rooms available. Harold Vinal, 687 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C., until May 7.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.83; Fancy Flowery Ceylon; $1.03; Assam, $1.00; English Breakfast, $.65; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $.95; Formosa Oolong, $.88; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, $.70; Uncolored B. F. Japan, $.70; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.78; Young Hyson, $.83. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

WEED FARMS, East Montpelier, Vermont. Comfort, delicious food, swimming, beautiful landscape. $35. Tel. Montpelier 159W2.

DOG LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont an old Colonial farmhouse. Good food, R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

LADIES! You can escape from that hectic present in the pages of Ladies Home Journal, Harper's Bazaar, etc. 40 to 50 years ago. Beautifully illustrated. Interesting articles all subjects. Fashions of yesteryear. Unique advertisements. Single copies, $1.75; 5 copies all different, $7.50; 20 copies, all different, $22. Wonderful gift for your mother or grandmother. Box 853-Y.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT — information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal Business assignments, representation undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway. N.Y.C.

WHY RISQUE A TRIP TO PARIS? You can get a wolfe's eye view of pre-war Paris in the pages of La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single issues, $2.50; 5 issues, all different, $10. Bound volume 26 issues, $29.75. Box 860-Y.

COLLEGE GIRL, wishes interesting full-time summer position, (part-time continuance). N.Y.C. Knowledge French, German. Interested publishing, journalism, art, music. Box 269-A.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Adults only. Delightful, peaceful, homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

GENTLEMAN: Are you tired of sex literature and sick world articles? You can escape in the pages of Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Century, etc. Magazines. Illustrated articles all subjects. First appearances of the giants of the past. Single issues, $1.75; 5 copies, all different, $7.50; 20 copies, all different $20. Bound volumes, 6 issues, hundreds of illustrations, over 800 pages, scores of articles, $10. Wonderful gift for father or grandfather. Box 177-A.

HORSE LOVERS should have special of National Geographic with magnificent color plates at $2.50 each. Send for free list. Box 857-Y.

YOUNG TEACHER COUPLE, imaginative, versatile veterans have never seen a cow. Sigh for country: tutoring, secretarial, children, travel, or—what have you? Salary secondary. Box 14-A.

YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN wishes secretarial or managerial position on Cape Cod on the Vineyard July to September. Box 301-A.

YOUR HOBBY, intellectual, sophisticated, or plain pleasant pastime — brings you greater pleasure through Hobby Enterprise, Program. Box 369, GPO, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PLAY THE PIANO AGAIN. Send for Brush-Up, an inspiringly new and different Piano Refresher Course written by a Master of Music. Ten easy lessons, $10. Send $1 for sample lesson to Forjedor Publishing Company, Box 103, College Park Station, Detroit 21, Mich.

CALLING ALL VEGETARIANS! Also those wishing to follow in the ethical and dietetic footsteps of Plato, Wagner, Voltaire, Gandhi, Thoreau, Tolstoy. Free details. Box 72-Y.

NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! The other fellow's radio, the other fellow's darn yowling brat, the other fellow's scolding mother-in-law. All of them disturb sleep and peace of mind. For relief use "Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples," "Soothers for Snoozers," since 1927. Sample box 25¢. Flents Products Co., Inc., 103 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 17.

TRAVEL

FOR A COOL, relaxing, western vacation in the sparkling Rockies, SKY VALLEY RANCH, Tabernash, Colorado.

CRUISE—8 DAYS—Bermuda & Nassau, $190 plus tax. Hotel, Ranch, Resort & Cruise Reservations. Air—Rail—Steamship Tickets. UNITED WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE, INC., 43 W. 56 St., N.Y.C. Circle 5-5473.

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 739

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

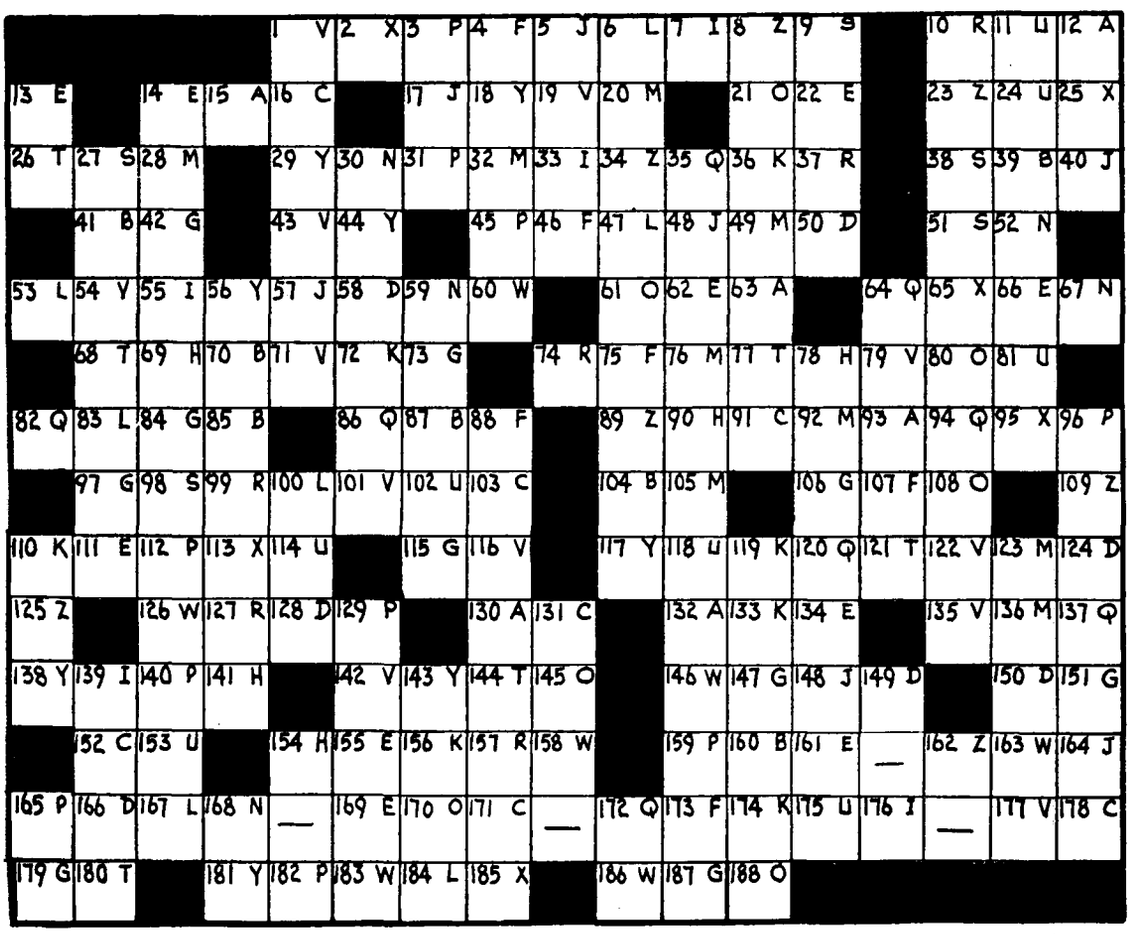
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A brose made with whiskey and honey. (Scot.).	12 132 15 130 93 63
B. Czech operatic soprano with the Metropolitan Opera Co. since 1940.	39 41 70 104 85 160 87
C. The steward in a king's or noble's household.	171 152 91 178 131 16 103
D. French poet identified with the symbolists (1854-91).	166 150 128 58 50 124 149
E. "Lady of the Mercians," daughter of Alfred the Great.	134 14 62 155 66 22 111 161 13 169
F. English poet and pamphleteer (1588-1667; "Juvenilia" collected, 1622).	88 173 4 107 46 75
G. Wandering, or one who wanders alone.	151 115 187 147 179 97 73 84 42 106
H. With one end raised, as a cask or bottle.	90 141 69 154 78
I. American journalist, president of the Associated Press, 1900-38.	139 55 176 33 7
J. Name of queens of Henry II, of Edward I, and of Henry III of England.	48 17 40 57 164 5 148
K. Ancient town in Lycia, Asia Minor, from which marbles in British Museum came.	174 156 72 36 133 119 110
L. A love potion or charm.	53 83 6 47 100 167 184
M. Historic shrine of Revolutionary War in Massachusetts.	28 76 136 123 49 32 20 92 105

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. English antiquary, collaborated with Dr. Johnson on "Harleian Miscellany" (1744-46).	30 59 168 67 52
O. An Elizabethan ruff (Hist.; Fr.).	80 21 61 145 170 188 108
P. Name of hero in well-known title of narrative poem by Tennyson.	182 96 159 140 45 112 3 165 129 31
Q. Nineteenth-century English family of artists, poets, etc. (father, sons, daughters).	120 64 86 172 94 82 137 35
R. Fastidious; finical (slang).	74 10 127 99 157 37
S. Name of several Jewish high priests at time of Second Temple (Bib.).	38 98 51 27 9
T. Having a hard, protective covering, as a lobster, or a tortoise.	26 77 121 68 180 144
U. Destitute of teeth, as in certain mammals.	81 114 102 24 175 118 153 11
V. A person of pompous appearance but actual insignificance (2 wds.; slang).	19 122 79 177 116 135 142 43 101 71 54 1
W. An oboe (music).	126 183 163 158 146 186 60
X. Last name of English novelist known in private life as George Oliver (1873-).	2 113 25 95 65 185
Y. Capacity or facility of movement.	117 143 56 138 29 18 44 181
Z. To disappear; cease to be.	8 34 23 89 109 125 162

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duncan Hines

—a publishing phenomenon

DUNCAN HINES' famous guides for a motoring nation were born on a Christmas Greeting in 1935. That year, instead of a conventional card, Hines sent to his friends the private list of favorite inns and restaurants he had set down during years of travelling as a hobby while associated with a Chicago printer. The result was a babel of telephone calls asking for more lists. It made a publisher of Duncan Hines.

He answered the question: "Where shall we stop for dinner on the road?"

They weren't a new idea, but Duncan Hines' ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING and, later, LODGING FOR A NIGHT were the first American publications of their kind to gain the stature of an institution. "Recommended by Duncan Hines" is part of our language today because a man of good appetite, and unbounded enthusiasm for American cooking, has crusaded in his own way for better standards of hospitality along America's highways.

What is the Duncan Hines way?

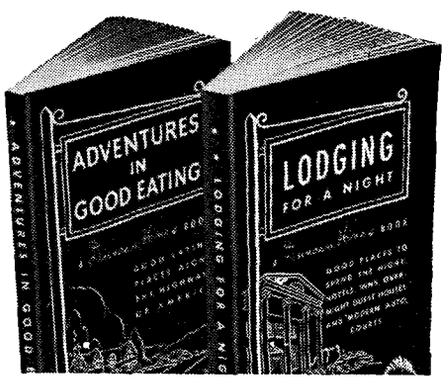
First, it's the personal touch. He has personally bought a meal or seen the accommodations at a majority of the thousands of establishments he recommends. The balance are reported on for him by a group of personal, well-travelled friends whose tastes and standards match his own, and who assist him without pay.

Next, it's the independence of the man who pays as he goes. No "recommended by Duncan Hines" will *ever* be awarded to a free meal or lodging.

Finally, it's the absence of commercialism of a kind on which many other guides—and Hines imitators—have foundered. To offers to buy advertising in his pages, payment for listings, suggestions for high-pressure selling to glut the market—the answer is, "No". The restaurant or inn which back-slides below his standards just won't be listed in the next edition of GOOD EATING or of LODGING. . . .

Over 2,000,000 American motorists wouldn't have it any other way.

Would you?



Just published

DUNCAN HINES 1948 EDITIONS

Adventures in Good Eating
(1947 sales, 110,007) $1.75

Lodging for a Night
(1947 sales, 82,828) $1.75

Adventures in Good Cooking

The latest addition to the Duncan Hines bookshelf, a collection of the recipes of the specialties of many of the places listed in ADVENTURES IN GOOD EATING. A unique cook-book of American regional cooking for the kitchens of American homes anywhere. 525 tested recipes.
(1947 sales, 33,085) $1.75

Wherever books are sold.

DUNCAN HINES, Inc.
285 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED